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WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

WHAT IS THE SHAPE of American policy in the Middle East, as these lines are written early in May? What is its general outline and in which direction is it headed?

For some time now Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has been regarded as the major stumbling block in Israel's struggle for survival as an independent state. His continued and obstinate refusals to permit Israel to purchase defense arms in the United States, his delaying tactics and his unreasonable decisions in the light of the growing Arab menace toward Israel have resulted in a policy of aimless drifting and lack of leadership at a crucial time. In diplomatic and press circles in Washington the floundering of the Administration on this subject aroused considerable surprise, particularly when in London and even to a larger degree in Paris a more realistic view had been taken regarding the urgency of the situation in the Middle East and the need to bolster Israel's defense power.

For a time, Mr. Dulles objected to "certain pressure" which was being exerted on him to approve Israel's request for arms, made back in November 1955. Though he did not put his finger on the source of this pressure, it was clear to everyone he was referring to the efforts of the Jews of the U. S. to be helpful to their co-religionists in Israel. Individuals and delegations who had conferred with him reported him to be most irritable when the question of Israel was mentioned. Finally, it reached a point where he refused to meet with delegations to discuss Israel or the Middle East and sought to divert them to lesser officials in the State Department. Leading Republicans

of the Jewish faith shrugged their shoulders and threw up their arms in disgust. Others said Dulles is "getting even" now on the Jews because he lost the Senatorial election against Herbert H. Lehman in 1949.

Of late, however, it appears that the urgency of the situation has finally begun to dawn on the top leaders of the administration. A small, though cautious, step in the direction of preventing a bloody Arab-Israel war was taken by Washington which is regarded by optimists here as the beginning of a specific policy in place of drifting and confusion. Someone aptly described this first step as "a move away from the vacuum that has afflicted American leadership."

In April President Eisenhower issued a statement in which he declared that the U. S. "will observe its commitments within constitutional means to oppose any aggression" in the Middle East; furthermore, this country is "determined to support and assist any nation which might be subjected to such aggression." The statement also noted that the President and Mr. Dulles had discussed the "repeated incidents of hostility" in the Middle East and they view the situation "with utmost seriousness."

Let us look behind the diplomatic language for the meaning of this statement. The phrase about opposing aggression "within constitutional means," it was explained, means that should the United Nations brand one of the Middle East countries as an aggressor, then the U. S. would support the victim of that aggression. It further indicates that the heads of the U. S. Government at last realize the emergency in the Middle East and the need for a strong stand

on the part of the U. S., if war is to be averted in that region.

Whether the statement of the President goes far enough or is firm enough to serve as a deterrent to war, is a question which only time will answer. Already some weaknesses are apparent which make the effectiveness of the statement questionable. It is asked, for example, whether any action to be taken by the U. S. will require advance approval of the United Nations. If such approval is needed in advance, then how long would the procedure take? And what about Soviet Russia's veto power which could nullify any proposed U. S. action? Will the Eisenhower Administration wait until war begins in the Middle East before seeking authority from Congress to stop the hostilities? If so, it may be too late by then to help the victim of the aggression.

Although both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have reiterated the view expressed in the statement on several recent occasions, the above questions still remain unanswered. In his discussions with Congressional leaders regarding the possible use of American armed forces in the Middle East, Secretary Dulles did not make an immediate request for authorization by Congress to use American forces abroad.

* * *

At this writing, the general outline of American policy in the Middle East seems to be shaping up along the following lines:

1. If an Arab-Israeli war should break out, the U. S. would cooperate with the United Nations in the effort to determine which side was the aggressor. In certain quarters this policy is being criticized as "reliance on the United Nations as a substitute for American leadership." It is also noted that this could be a long and complicated procedure.

2. Minimize the importance of the 1950 Tripartite Declaration because the Arabs regard it with suspicion and Soviet Russia is attacking it as a means to establish Western imperialism in the Middle East. Under this declaration, the U. S., Britain and

France undertook to guarantee the status quo in the Middle East.

3. The U. S. is to make no commitments which would preclude any military action on its part, in the event a Soviet veto blocks action in the UN Security Council or if a two-thirds vote could not be obtained in the UN General Assembly.

4. If military action in the Middle East becomes necessary, the U. S. hopes it will receive the support of most UN members, as was the case in Korea, no matter how small their contribution might be.

5. The U. S. is still determined to keep Russia out of the Middle East, and State Department officials are still hopeful of convincing Egypt not to accept "vassalage to the Soviet Union." On this point the American view differs from the British which maintains that Russia is already a factor in the Middle East and the West might as well recognize it and seek to establish working cooperation with the Soviet Union in the area.

To the above may be added a sixth point. The U. S. and Britain are reported to be considering a proposal calling for a United Nations embargo on the shipment of arms to the Middle East. Soviet acquiescence to this proposal is being sought, since it was Russia which started the race by providing arms to Egypt. It is planned to bring the idea to the United Nations as a way to pacify the Middle East. While the idea in itself appears to be plausible, Israel stands to suffer most because it would dry up her sources for arms, while the Arabs already possess huge quantities of same.

Such is the current line of thinking and the general policy being pursued in Washington regarding the Middle East crisis.

* * *

At about the time these lines appear in print, Congress will be in the stage of final consideration of the foreign aid bill, which must be enacted by June 30 in time for the new fiscal year. In March, President Eisenhower submitted to Congress the administration's request for an appropriation of \$4.9 billion for military, economic and technical

assistance to America's allies under the mutual security program. While no specific amounts were indicated for Israel or the Arab states individually, the sum of \$100 million was designated for the Near East as "non-military" aid.

In subsequent weeks, rumors circulated in Washington that the share allocated to the Arab countries would be upwards of \$90 million, some said as much as \$98 million, while Israel would receive a paltry few million dollars. It is interesting to compare this with the situation only a few years ago when Israel's share in economic aid would amount to between 50 and 70 million dollars annually. When Mr. Dulles took charge of the State Department in 1953 he established a policy of "impartiality" as between Israel and the Arab states. The distribution of economic aid to these countries, evidently, is an example of how such impartiality operates.

Final determination, however, is to be made by Congress. A campaign is now going on in Congressional circles to amend the bill so as to provide a larger and more equitable share for Israel.

* * *

The great need for adequate housing throughout the country was underscored at the 25th annual meeting of the National Housing Conference in Washington in the latter part of April. Besides the many local public housing authorities from all parts of the country, religious and civic organizations and organized labor were heavily represented at this conference. Its main objective is the early achievement of "a decent home in a suitable living environment for every American family."

The problem of adequate housing is succinctly stated in a resolution adopted unanimously by the Conference, from which we quote the following:

"Since the end of World War II our nation has demonstrated its capacity for sound economic growth, yet we continue to suffer from housing shortages. *Fifteen million families live in homes that are a shame to the richest nation on earth. Slums expand*

and are created more rapidly than they are being removed or replaced. This over-production of slums and blight is our only over-production problem in housing.

"As a nation we have demonstrated that we have, and can create, the resources necessary to wipe out slums and substandard housing. We can and must continue to expand these resources, in order to maintain national prosperity, in order to achieve social justice, and to fulfill the promise of a decent home in a good neighborhood for all."

The Conference went on record in support of a dynamic housing program as advocated in a bill recently introduced by Senator Herbert H. Lehman, Democrat of New York. The bill calls for the construction of 200,000 public housing units annually during the coming three years, also special housing for elderly people, adequate housing priced within reach of middle-income families, urban redevelopment, and increased slum clearance. By way of comparison, the Administration is thinking in terms of about 35,000 housing units annually, or about one-sixth of the number of units proposed by Lehman and his Democratic colleagues. A housing program will, in all probability, be enacted by Congress but it remains to be seen whether the program will be closer to the Lehman figure or that advocated by the Eisenhower Administration.

* * *

Activity in Congress on major legislation is moving at a snail's pace. This being an important Presidential and Congressional election year, it is not surprising that every issue is approached from the standpoint of politics. Both parties in Congress are anxious to establish a good record of achievements for the coming election campaign, but in their maneuverings they are nullifying each other's efforts. The result is that at this writing Congress has little to show for the current session which has been underway since early January. Even where it has labored hard and brought forth major bills, some of these have been vetoed by the President. Notable examples are the gas bill

and the farm bill—though we refrain from passing judgment on either of these measures.

Since the two national political conventions are scheduled to take place during the middle of August, Congress must get away from Washington some time during the first week of that month. Consequently, a logjam of legislation is gradually accumulating which will then have to be cleared up within the space of a few short weeks. This is not the most desirable way to legislate, but such is the procedure followed for many years. Some reforms are badly needed.

* * *

While it is expected that by the time adjournment rolls around Congress will have passed measures dealing with foreign aid, housing, a highway program, the necessary government appropriations, possibly a new farm bill, improvement of social security benefits, and some others, it seems almost certain that nothing will be done in the matter of civil rights, revision of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, amending the Refugee Relief Act which expires at the end of 1956, Federal aid to education, extension of minimum wage coverage, and many other measures advocating economic and social reforms.

In the case of civil rights, Congress is completely tied up in knots over the various issues involved. Despite spectacular victories in the Supreme Court to eliminate discrimination in housing and segregation in the schools, and despite some efforts on the part of the executive branch of the government to do away with discrimination in employment, government contracts and the Armed Forces, Congress is no nearer to the enactment of civil rights legislation than it was a decade or two ago. Not a single civil rights bill has been reported out by any committee of either the Senate or the House of Representatives during the 84th Congress.

Recently, the Eisenhower Administration submitted to Congress a civil rights program which proposed the creation of a bipartisan civil rights commission to investigate the denials of voting rights and discrimination

in employment based on color, race or religion, and also the establishment of a civil rights division in the Department of Justice, as well as proposals dealing with civil injunctions, access to the courts regarding civil rights denials; and the like.

There is not much new in these proposals. They have been suggested in the past, but nothing was ever done to enact them. The timing, however, was not propitious. Having been proposed in an election year, it was natural that the civil rights program of the administration be caught in a political crossfire. Characteristic is the observation of liberal Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Democrat of Minnesota and for many years a staunch advocate of civil rights, who described the administration's proposals as "a grandstand play" to gain the Negro vote and as "more evidence of lip service by leap-year liberals."

* * *

Somewhat similar is the case regarding immigration. Close to 100 bills have been introduced in both houses of Congress calling for revision of the discriminatory McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, but to date practically nothing has been done. Not a single one of these bills has been reported by committee in either house. In fact, in the House of Representatives no hearings have been held by the Immigration Subcommittee, which is headed by Congressman Francis E. Walter, author of the McCarran-Walter Act. In the Senate, a subcommittee held some hearings but took no action. So it is fairly safe to predict that the McCarran-Walter Act will remain on our statute books for some time to come.

As for the Refugee Relief Act of 1953, calling for the admittance of 209,000 refugees to the U. S. by the end of 1956, that program is still far from its goal. At last reports only about 100,000 visas had been issued, but the number of actual arrivals is far below that figure. It is believed that no more than another 40 to 50,000 visas may be issued by December 31, 1956, when the law expires. Immigration authorities themselves estimate the total number of visas

issued and eventual arrivals will not exceed 150,000, indicating that the program will fall short by about 60,000.

Earlier in the current session, President Eisenhower submitted to Congress a set of proposals to amend the Refugee Act by liberalizing certain of its requirements and removing several road-blocks which have kept the number of applicants at a minimum. No action of any kind has been taken on any of these proposals, and from all appearances it would seem that none is contemplated by the present Congress.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that very few Jews have been coming into the U. S. under the refugee program. In a report to Congress filed in March 1956, it was disclosed that out of a total of 45,882 immigrants sponsored by voluntary organizations under the refugee relief program only 1378 were listed for United HIAS Service, the noted Jewish immigration agency.

* * *

Senator Paul H. Douglas, Illinois Democrat, was instrumental in saving the school-lunch program from depletion. During the past few years Congress had been appropriating a sum of \$83 million for the program to help finance the low-cost lunches for the country's school population. This year the Administration decided to cut that appropriation by \$15 million and requested of Congress only \$68 million.

When the matter came up in the Senate recently, Sen. Douglas pointed out that over the past year the number of schools participating in this program has increased by 25 percent, so that even the previous appropriation of \$83 million was insufficient. In fact, in a number of states funds had been exhausted for this program as early as March. Douglas then proposed an amendment to add \$10 million to the \$83 million, making a total of \$93 million, which the Senate subsequently approved. Final approval and the signature of the President are still needed before the increased program can become effective.



Justice

RUTH NICKERSON

Jung and the Jews

By HANS A. ILLING

Following this article is Mr. Charles I. Glicksberg's "Jung Versus the Jews," a reply to Mr. Hans A. Illing's contentions.

JUNG'S ALLEGED ANTI-SEMITISM has been mentioned often, usually by the lay public, generally unfamiliar with his teachings and writings. Most practitioners of the healing sciences (psychiatry, psychology, and social work), however, have long abandoned the notion that Jung's "archetypal" unconscious is permeated by a hatred for a people, who probably constitute the majority among his students, friends and followers both in quantity and in quality. One of his friends, Ernest Harms, a Jewish-American psychiatrist, disposed of the myth of Jung's anti-Semitism some time ago.¹

On the occasion of Carl Jung's 80th birthday last year, the old warhorse of his anti-Semitism was revived again in the Anglo-Saxon and, particularly, the Anglo-Judaic press. Simultaneously an English publisher presented Jung's latest work, *Answer to Job*, for the first time to an English-reading public, stating that a publication in this country would not take place for the time being, as the time was not deemed "ripe." In order to get a first-hand account of his feelings, this writer communicated with Professor Jung directly and, subsequently, received a fairly detailed resume of Jung's "anti-Semitism." For the purpose of this discussion, a translation of this personal letter and a critical review of the English publication of *Answer to Job* will constitute the major material underlying this writer's thesis that Jung cannot be properly labelled an anti-Semite unless some negative remarks about the Jews in general are to be inter-

preted as anti-Semitic; in such an instance this writer, as a Jew, would have to be categorized as an anti-Semite also. However, one should always bear in mind that the anthropologist Jung (in addition to the psychiatrist, the psychologist, the sociologist, or the biologist Jung) has lots of derogative things to say about the French, the British, the Americans, et al. *Answer to Job* deals with the Jews only.²

This book is an interpretation of certain religious ideas, not by a Biblical scholar but by a Christian layman who will speak for many others as well as for himself not only because he will allow his emotions into the picture but also because, as a physician, he has looked deeply into the psychic life of many people. So he says. This sounds as if his approach will be a spontaneous natural one, given his cultural origins. But his treatment turns out to be highly ingenious and immensely erudite—distinctly a product of C. G. Jung's own researches and speculations over the years.

Do the archetypes have objective reality or do they not? Jung seems to be ambiguous here. Jehovah, a loving, disappointed father, is unhappy to have to chasten his children. But He will never let Israel utterly perish (nor mankind, either)—and the sufferings of the chastisement will be followed by a permanent Golden Age, on this earth.

God, in the Old Testament, never becomes altogether an a priori ideal, but is always more or less an a posteriori conception, derived from actual human experience with Nature and in human history. The

1. Ernest Harms, "Carl Gustav Jung—Defender of Freud and the Jews," *The Psychiatric Quarterly*, 20: 199-230, 1946.

2. C. G. Jung, *Answer to Job*, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1955.

contradictory emotions of the Deity are, in the main, the contradictory traits presented by Nature and history to the minds of people who are too wrapped up in living to indulge in metaphysical constructions. In other words, the Old Testament idea of God is empirically derived. In the final analysis, however, God means good. On the whole, this is a good universe for man, if he will work in harmony with its laws. God wants mankind to live and be happy in this world, God is love rather than the opposite. Jung proposes to get at the universally human in the transcendental (transcending consciousness) which is so largely implicit in the statements of Holy Scripture. Yahve is depicted both as just and unjust, a helper and a persecutor. Ancient deities teemed with virtues and vices. Yahve wants to be praised as just and shows that God can only believe he is real through relation to an object. He is unreflective.

This is a book about religious beliefs. According to Jung, however, religious beliefs are psychic facts, which need no physical proof. The psyche is autonomous, independent of the realities of a physical world. Religious beliefs, however, imperfectly (because influenced by consciousness, etc.), are primarily images which well up from the unconsciousness, and transcend consciousness. Religious ideas are, in consciousness, anthropomorphic images, pointing to numerous archetypes and are emotionally motivated; they are not rational, and not properly assailable by reason.

Jung asserts that Holy Scriptures are utterances of the soul, pointing to realities which transcend consciousness and thus become archetypes of the collective unconscious or "mythological motifs." These mythological motifs are spontaneous and purposive, as if they had a consciousness and free will of their own. So, through them, the archetypes (Deity, et al.) are subjects as well as objects. Hence the duality of Jung's approach to them. The images of the archetypes (Deity, et al.) carry an absolute certitude, a certainty that they point to an *Ens realissimum* which is actually there.

Image and transcendental are identified as one and the same.

Jung's idea of Job seems more nearly this: Job now realizes that the God of nature-in-the-large is omnipotent but is not a brute, amoral power; the universe viewed collectively (in its totality) is orderly and benevolent. As for the problems of the human individual, these are infinitely complex. God cannot explain to Job why calamities have befallen even him, being a pretty righteous person, or so he believes he is. At the very end, in Chapter 42, God approves of Job but disapproves of the three would-be comforters, because they lied about the way God deals with men; they were advocates who wanted to win their case, regardless of the facts, while Job refused to listen to these lies. He would not compromise with the facts of human life. At the end, persuaded by God's picture of His love for Nature, Job is willing to trust in the righteousness of God towards man. This is faith which does not deny the dark enigmas of human life. In the first part of the dramatic debate, Job is indignant against God as a sort of a fiendish and arbitrary Oriental despot. In the middle of the poem, he thinks that, behind this malignant Deity, a just and merciful Deity is reigning. At the end, Job is reconciled, whole-heartedly.

It seems that, while the above is a general portrayal of Jung's thesis about Job, a great many distortions are advanced by Jung, perhaps a layman's interpretation of Biblical concepts. For instance, the "Fall" plays little or no part in the Old Testament, after Gen. 3. Yet, Jung devotes one chapter in this book, relating it to Job. Other distortions seem to result from Jung's understandable tendency to take the point of view of an analytic folklorist. There are important thoughts about Christ, thoughts which deal with Job's dissatisfactions with Yahve and "progress" from the (Jewish) disturbance of the unconscious towards a "Christian" conscious. To the Jewish reader, these and other, christological, thinkings may be beyond their idea of Job and the Old Testament, and of Judaism in general. It may not

be denied the mystic value of Job's dreams; they most certainly have a bearing on Job's problems, but perhaps not necessarily or inevitably so. Jung, as he says, is not writing as a Biblical commentator, but as a physician of the modern soul as it looks to him, in its contemporary situation.

In much plainer words, Jung writes about his Jewish feelings, as follows³: "The critical discourse concerning the application of Jewish-biased psychology, which you mentioned, is mine so far as I can see, and I stand by my statements. However, taken out of context, they are subject to any misunderstanding."

The Jews have, as is commonly known, their own peculiar brand of psychology just like other ethnic groups, such as the Americans, the French, the English, the Chinese, et al. Yet the Jews are always offended whenever something is mentioned as a matter of course, much like certain Germans, who in many respects seem to own a similar "psychology" of minority problems as the Jews do, namely that of the *Auserwähltheit* (the chosen people). Freud is insofar "profoundly Jewish" (the only English words, which Jung used in this letter and therefore not "translated"!) as he never underwent a personal analysis, but always seemed to prefer his right to judge others according to his psychoanalytic standards and concepts. This is precisely true of the Jewish concept of God: Yahve is a "Guardian of Law and Morals, but he himself is unjust" (quotation from a Protestant theological text!). "Freud accused me of anti-Semitism long before the Nazi era when I admitted as an association during a personal dream analysis that I did not like the Jewish milieu in Vienna. This constituted an indiscretion on his part. Yet I have very many Jewish friends and students, who have (some of them) known me for thirty years and have never been able to find any anti-Semitism in me. Dr. Harms, a Jew, defended me publicly in America.

3. C. G. Jung, Correspondence with this writer, 1955.

"The National-Socialism was a 'powerful,'* world-shaking fact much like the Bolshevism. It is the negative aspect of a world-historic reply, which should have been positive. But it is always so that those who do not do their best will fall by the wayside. What I have reference to here, you may read in my book *Answer to Job*.

"What can anyone do with psychoanalytic categories toward such a phenomenon as the National-Socialism? I have diagnosed this phenomenon long before 1934 as a spiritual epidemic, and even prognosed. This was written in 1934. What did Chamberlain then know of Hitler? At that time I was the president of the International Association of Psychotherapy and was busy with the fate of the Jewish physicians in Germany; it was for this reason that I could not come out into the open for them. I had to express myself ambiguously, otherwise I could not have done anything for the psychotherapists (the Jewish!) in Germany. The fact that the Jewish genocide was planned was unknown in 1934.† My opponents should rather consider historical facts and get acquainted with my ideas than accuse me unjustly."

This, in essence, is Jung's statement toward anti-Semitism and pro-Judaism. This, however, is not to be construed as a Jungian philo-Semitism. On the other hand, it seems to me that there may be a thing between anti- and philo-Semitism, such as a "neutral." Considering his background (his father was a Lutheran minister), his (almost natural) favoritism for a Christian ideology is understandable; equally understandable, it seems to me, is his quest for truth, in science and in religion. In pursuit of his quest for truth, Jung encountered, as an individual, certain folk traits, which he "disliked." Hence his reputation as an anti-Semite, anti-American, anti-French, anti-et al.

* "Gewaltig" means "great" in German, but "bad" in Swiss-German; hence the misunderstanding of his interpretation of Nazism.

† This is substantiated by Leon Poliakov's documented *Harvest of Hate*, Syracuse, N. Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1954, reviewed by this writer in *The National Jewish Monthly*, February, 1955.

Jung Versus the Jews

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

THE INTELLECTUAL SPOKESMEN for Jewry are not prone to indulge in reckless, unsupported charges of anti-Semitism against people prominent in public life. If they prefer such charges, they do so most reluctantly and only when the evidence is incontestably there. It is when anti-Semitism constitutes a danger that they venture to speak out. Now the evidence for Jung's anti-Semitic attitude can be both "dated" and documented. It is therefore surprising, to say the least, to come across an attempt to clear Jung of all blame in this respect.

What exactly is the logic of Dr. Illing's argument? His resumé of *Answer to Job* actually has no bearing on the central question of Jung's anti-Semitic bias. A careful reading of this book will show that it cannot be used either to prove or disprove the charge that Jung, in some of his pronouncements, betrayed anti-Semitic leanings. Ironically enough, the letter by Jung that Dr. Illing quotes seems to furnish incriminatory evidence. What does Jung mean, if he is speaking as a scientist, by saying that the Jews have their own "peculiar" brand of psychology? To draw, as he does, an analogy with American or French or English psychology is to be guilty of begging the question, for Jews are not in the same category as Frenchmen or Americans or Englishmen. Those Jews who can read between the lines and catch the symbolic overtones of a statement, are rightly offended when a "prophet," in the name of science, brands a psychology as "peculiarly Jewish." Then, too, Jung seems to have Jewishness on the brain. Freud is accused of being "profoundly Jewish," and not in a complimentary sense, either. He is Jewish in the same sense that

Yahve, as portrayed in *Answer to Job*, is Jewish: that is to say, arbitrary, absolute, authoritarian. The letter by Jung is an ingenious exercise in dialectical evasion. What does it prove to argue that a number of Jews are and have been his friends? Jung asks that his opponents (who are his opponents and why are they leagued against him?) consult the facts and study his ideas. Well, what are the facts? What are his ideas on the Jewish question?

Jung was among the first psychiatrists, as far back as 1902, to hail Freud's discoveries. Here was a representative of the Aryan world that recognized the validity and the signal value of Freud's work. As might be expected, Freud was delighted when Jung became his supporter. Here, after so many years of abuse and even persecution, was the influential foreign aid he needed for the psychoanalytic movement. But the Viennese analysts who had been steadfastly loyal to the master during his bitter years of struggle were not pleased by this turn of events. Their attitude, as Ernest Jones points out in the second volume of *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, was "accentuated by their Jewish suspicion of Gentiles in general with its rarely failing expectation of anti-Semitism." Their suspicion of Jung was not, as subsequent events demonstrated, without foundation.

Freud tried to keep relations smooth, to preserve a spirit of harmony and cooperation, though jealousies arose and rivalries flared up. Jung was, after all, a Christian, the son of a pastor, and had joined psychoanalysis only after overcoming strong inner resistance. Freud recognized that Jung's emergence on the scene helped to rescue psychoanalysis from the danger of becoming

"a Jewish national affair." Freud tried to preserve peace among his disciples, even though he understood the German psychiatrist's Karl Abraham's resentment of Jung. "I surmise that the repressed anti-Semitism of the Swiss, from which I am to be spared, has been directed against you in increased force. But my opinion is that we Jews, if we want to cooperate with other people, have to develop a little masochism and be prepared to endure a certain amount of injustice." Freud adds, not without a justified touch of bitterness, that if his name had been Oberhuber, his ideas would not have encountered the same degree of stubborn, stupidly irrational opposition. His strategy, however, remained consistent. The Aryan comrades were indispensable if psychoanalysis were not to fall victim to the anti-Semitic mania.

It is true that in 1910, when Freud sought to broaden the local psychoanalytic society into a wider, perhaps international organization, the majority of the members were Jewish. It is this fact which is sometimes used invidiously as an argument that psychoanalysis is a "Jewish science," a dialectic of the depths which lends itself to the "typically Jewish" cult of talmudic dissection. Needing whatever strength and solidarity he could muster against his enemies, Freud urged, at the Second International Psycho-Analytic Congress held at Nuremberg on March 30 and 31, 1910, that psychoanalysis had to extend its sphere of operation beyond the confines of Viennese Jewry. Hence Jung was made president of the association.

Unfortunately, there were elements in Jung's personality which generated doubt, anxiety, and mistrust. By 1913 the break with Jung was inevitable. Freud was disinclined to provoke an open quarrel. In 1914 Jung resigned from the editorship of the *Jahrbuch* and his presidency of the International Association. When some maintained that the scientific difference between the Viennese psychoanalysts and the Swiss resulted from the fact that the former were Jews and the latter Aryans, Freud formu-

lated this incisive and crushing reply. It is worth quoting because it disposes of the often repeated contention, with its anti-Semitic implication, that psychoanalysis is a "Jewish science."

Certainly there are great differences between the Jewish and the Aryan spirit. We can observe that every day. Hence there would assuredly be here and there differences in outlook on life and art. *But there should not be such a thing as Aryan or Jewish science.* Results in science must be identical, though the presentation of them may vary. If these differences mirror themselves in the apprehension of objective relationships in science there must be something wrong. (*Italics mine.*)

It is strange, indeed, that Dr. Illing makes no reference at all to the documented indictment of Jung contained in Glover's *Freud or Jung*. Glover, a scrupulous scholar, quotes passages which clearly demonstrate that Jung, though professing to be democratic in outlook, holds that nature is aristocratic, and therefore believes in the sacred principle of leadership. Hence we find Jung paying tribute to the leadership of Mussolini; in 1932 he refers to the fact that Germany had at last found its leader. How does Jung account for his willingness to edit the *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*, which was published under Nazi auspices and control? How does the letter that Dr. Illing quotes "explain away" Jung's glorification of the S. S. men and of Hitler as divinely inspired, the voice of the deific unconscious? It was only after the debacle of the Nazi regime that Jung changed his tune.

Be that as it may, the fact still remains that Jung insistently harps on the theme of "the racial character" of science. He has refused to accept as valid the conclusions of what he condemns as "a Jewish psychology." In short, he draws a fundamental distinction between Jewish psychology and Germanic psychology. Not only that but he confidently asserts that the Aryan unconscious is qualitatively different, charged with a higher potential, from the Jewish unconscious. Is there no anti-Semitic animus in such a contrast?

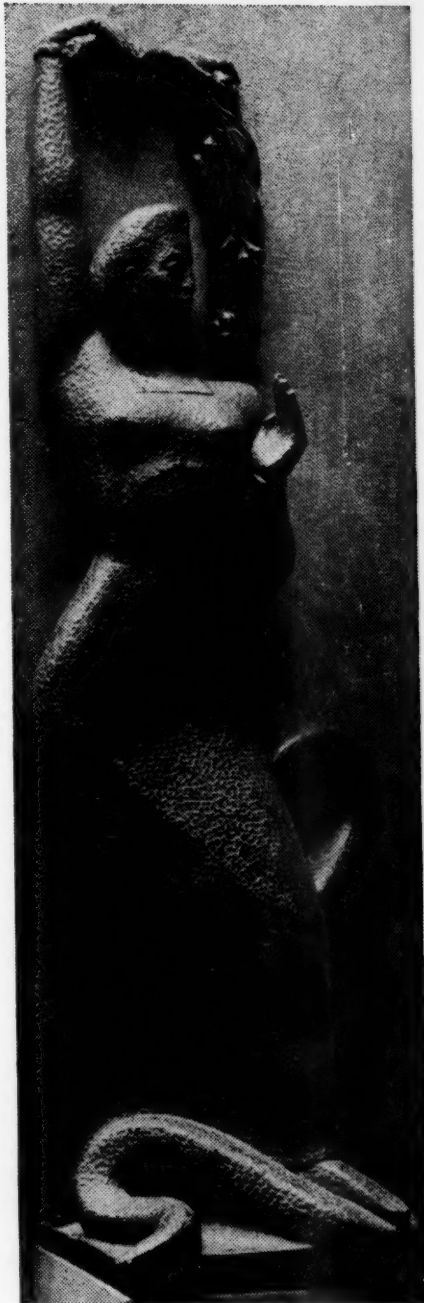
Ernest Jones, in his life of Freud, frankly

takes up the question of the degree to which Freud's Jewishness was important in the discovery and development of psychoanalysis. One aspect of this Jewishness certainly did play a pronounced part: the capacity of the Jews to remain unalterably firm in the face of opposition. It is absurd, however, to argue that psychoanalysis, because its founder was a Jew, is therefore a Jewish science. Though Einstein, early in his career, was attacked for propounding the theory of relativity, the attacks could not be sustained after other scientists had verified his calculations, and the vicious label of Jewishness was dropped. But Freud, a revolutionary figure who subverted the cosmological and theological premises of Western culture, could not escape the anti-Semitic hostility of the Gentile world.

Jung's record is there for all to read. His anti-Semitism, however mild, is distasteful enough and it may possibly have an underlying connection with the kind of mystical philosophy he promulgates. In the world of science, however, personalities and prejudices should play no part. If it is wrong to dismiss psychoanalysis on the ground that it is a Jewish science, it is equally reprehensible to reject the work of Jung in toto on the ground that he is an anti-Semite. The anti-Semitic sentiments he harbors do not necessarily invalidate the system of analytical psychology he has fathered. Jung has made some notable contributions in his studies on the psychology of religion, mythology, and art.

Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning, but without understanding.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS



Extending the Olive Branch
MOISSAYE MARANS

The Puerto Ricans as Racial Integrators

By WILLIAM BITTNER

OFTEN AS I WALKED down the chipped and scarred steps of the converted brownstone house where I lived this past summer, there would be a small boy crouched below the solid banister. He would look up and put his finger on his lips—a sign that I should go down onto 96th Street as if he weren't there. I am a bad dissimulator, though, and it was too frequent a hiding place; sooner or later he and all his playmates would be caught, and the next one "it," chosen after a vigorous dispute in Spanish much too rapidly spoken for me to catch more than an occasional word, would hide his face against the lamp-post and in perfectly clear English count by fives to one hundred, then call, "Here I come, ready or not." The ritual of the adopted game was spoken in the adopted language, for it was learned from the children of native New Yorkers.

I lived in two-and-a-half rooms hewn from what was in the nineteenth century the spare bedroom, suitable for maiden aunt or unmarried daughter, of a house built for a well-to-do middle class family. Next door is a vast apartment house with a Central Park West address. In the other direction, toward Columbus Avenue (back when the house was new, the elevated ran to Columbus Avenue, and the street is still commercial, with Italian and Jewish delicatessens, Irish bars, little "super" markets, and hardware and used furniture stores), the row of brownstones continues, interrupted here and there by a larger and newer apartment house, and even by a pair of "French flats" of the early 1900's.

This is the Upper West Side of New York City, as it has been since taxes went up, servants became scarce, and the exodus to the suburbs began. It stretches from

Central Park to the Hudson; its main body runs from the Sixties to the Nineties; and it sends narrow tentacles all the way up the west side of the Island. The north-south streets are different: Broadway and Columbus Avenue, and most of Amsterdam, are commercial. Riverside Drive, West End Avenue, and Central Park West have kept up their pretensions. In the cross streets, however, dwell the middle class, where the rental for a small apartment is about a hundred dollars a month, and almost everybody has a small apartment.

In recent years, however, a new ingredient has been added to the scene. At first it seemed only to mark another level reached in the downhill progress of the neighborhood. In the shabbiest of the narrow cross streets appeared the Puerto Ricans. The smell of burning olive oil filled the air, and intermingling with loud Latin rhythms from radios in almost every window, was the sound of Spanish voices. As always happens when a minority moves in en masse, the "white, native Americans" moved out. The whole block became a ghetto. In only a few streets did this occur, however, and most of those streets have since regained a proportion of non-Puerto Rican tenancy.

There were many reasons for the ghetto movement to be halted. The chief one, probably, was that Puerto Rican ghettos already existed, in the Bronx and Brooklyn as well as in Manhattan. The largest and worst is Manhattan's Spanish Harlem. To move within a neighborhood in New York, one goes north or south; east-west travel cuts through neighborhoods. But Harlem was a separate community before the city moved up and engulfed it, running from the eastern edge of the island across to a succession of nearly sheer rock precipices—University

Heights and Washington Heights. From the northernmost plain of the island it moves south to the upper end of Central Park, on both sides of which it bulges out, on the East Side following the open tracks of the New York Central Railroad until they go underground on Park Avenue at 96th Street and Harlem runs bluntly into the impenetrable wall of Yorkville, the German community. No physical wall exists, simply sheer Teutonic will and high rents. On the other side of the park, Harlem blends into predominantly Jewish Upper West Side, with a nebulous and shifting boundary, and little islands of "white" among the "colored." Ninety-sixth Street, however, was never passed. The south side of that street marks the northern boundary of the "mink lox belt," a first stepping stone from the Lower East Side to the upper Bronx and Westchester.

Harlem, however, could not resist the tendency toward lengthwise divisions in New York. Before World War I, West Harlem was Jewish Harlem; then it became Negro Harlem. East of Third Avenue is Italian Harlem. Between the two was a no-man's-land for the ambiguously poor who could claim identity with neither of these minorities, but adhered less to any others in the city. And here was where the Puerto Ricans, attracted by the prosperity that followed the second World War, came to live.

The expression "a tide of immigration" has been used before, but never so aptly as with the Puerto Ricans. They come in and they go out almost as freely as the tide. For one thing, they need no quotas, no visas, for they are United States citizens. The journey by air takes less than a day, and costs as little as thirty-five dollars. Until quite recently, very few Puerto Ricans settled outside New York; and even today, they find employment mainly in cities, for although over half the population of Puerto Rico consists of agricultural workers, and farm help is constantly in demand in the United States, agricultural employers prefer to hire aliens who can be forcibly shipped back home in case of a labor dispute, and

for whom local government has no responsibility. Thus the Puerto Ricans who come are almost all from San Juan, and they remain in cities, where they are close to lines of transport back to their island, and immigration ebbs and flows with prosperity in the cities. It is only the economic pressure of too many people, with too high a birth rate, on a not particularly rich and very small island that drives Puerto Ricans to the United States; most of them, once here, would prefer to go back, and many do.

Like most groups, the Puerto Ricans settled in their ghetto because it was convenient to do so—more convenient than to seek other dwelling places in a strange city, where a strange language was spoken, and where they were rebuffed nearly everywhere outside East Harlem. "Come to Nueva York," Cousin José would write; "I can get you a job where I work, and there is room for you in my apartment." So Manuel would come, bringing his wife and three children to José's "apartment"—where already several families were living—and philosophically accepted the crowding (it would be ungracious to do otherwise), while José and his roommates accepted as philosophically the fact that more came than he expected (it would be ungracious to do otherwise). Not only was East Harlem the place that was available, in contrast to the terror of trying to locate elsewhere in the city and bargain for an apartment in a foreign tongue, but it was there that other familiar things could be found. In Italian Harlem nearly all churches were Catholic, and many of the priests knew Spanish or could understand it by analogy. The dark-skinned, brought face to face with the mainland's racial discrimination, found Harlem more like home. Before long there were Spanish churches, and stores selling familiar goods, with the language of commerce Spanish. In small ways like this came the first rootedness.

To the Puerto Ricans who gradually moved up, getting better jobs, opening small businesses of their own, East Harlem became an intolerable place. It is an intolerable place, and according to some authorities the

worst slum in the world. Bureaucracies move slowly, and the police assigned to that district soon became far too few for the size of the population. The new city provided new temptations and sharpened the old. Drug peddlers had long operated in Harlem, and since Spanish Harlem was a community made up largely of the young, free of the restraints of the traditional formal Spanish community, Puerto Ricans were especially susceptible. Spanish Harlem became not only a bad, but an evil neighborhood. Moreover, most of the dwellings fostered ill health or danger. The plumbing was old and inadequate. Many of the buildings were inadequately heated or not heated at all, and nearly every night in winter some family would be suffocated by the fumes from kerosene stoves. Many have been killed in fires. As Puerto Ricans began to consider staying in the United States, they looked around for better places to live. One of these was the Upper West Side.

Thus it was that, except in some of the one-block ghettos, the Puerto Ricans who came to live in the Upper West Side were past the "greenhorn" stage. They could speak English, at least to some extent; they had possessions and income enough to be presentable; and, dressed in their new clothes (just a bit "zoot suit" in cut, but usually in soft colors; a man dressed in a thirty-five dollar suit from an East Harlem shop—cinco dollars pronto—doesn't look appreciably different from you or me, when he is studied from a next-door window) they caused less excitement among the neighbors than would a Negro family moving in. The converted brownstones are owned, for the most part, by individuals. They are too much bother and bring too little income for real estate corporations to handle them. Many of these small owners are refugees from Hitler Germany, and sympathize with the underdog—but at the same time, this \$35,000-\$50,000 brownstone, with its income of around \$1,000 a month and its outgo that can be appalling in repairs, heating costs, and taxes, is, in most cases, the owner's total property. Like most small prop-

erty owners, they have been living in fear of deterioration in value, and an almost wholly imaginary threat to their property had been very close for years—the possibility that the neighborhood would become Negro. (Imaginary, for rents in Harlem are, for what you get, higher than anywhere else in the city.) Many of the Upper West Side's former occupants are moving to the suburbs; vacancies began appearing in the neighborhood; and the appearance of a Puerto Rican family was less disturbing than that of a Negro family. Puerto Rican children playing in front of a house don't look much different from any other children (except that they have a greater tendency to urinate in the gutter), but Negro children are unmistakable.

Not many apartments in "white" houses were rented to Puerto Ricans, however; usually the house would be sold to an especially prosperous Puerto Rican, and then it would become "Spanish." The circumstance that makes the Upper West Side a pilot neighborhood, however, is twofold: no exodus occurred on the part of the "white" occupants of the neighboring houses; and, since the Puerto Ricans were ambiguous in color, they prepared the way for Negroes to move into the same block, again without stampeding the whites.

People of different ethnic groups have lived in close proximity to each other in New York for a long, long time. Greenwich Village contains nearly as great a variety of people as does the United States. But the native white population of Greenwich Village is one that, in the very act of living there, has repudiated some middle class standards. The Upper West Side is notable, even in New York City, in that it is a middle class neighborhood that became inter-racial; although its property-owners and residents are classic examples of the social and economic type who panic when the first colored family appears in the neighborhood, here they did not. Of course, many stampedes are manufactured by unscrupulous real estate agents, who clean up in the rapid turnover of property, and here their classic

technique would not have been applicable; still such operators merely heighten a tendency already strong in the Upper West Side type of culture. Try as I may, I can find only four factors that seem to have prevented the stampede: first, that New York is and has been an international city, a minority city in the United States; second, that the Upper West Side has been a mixed and mingled section, repudiating the plans of the real estate developers since it first came into being; third, that the time was ripe, the generation that grew up in the Roosevelt era having become a potent force; and fourth, that the Puerto Ricans turned up at just the right time as catalysts.

The northern extension of the West Side, the patch of middle class neighborhood above 110th Street and to the west of Harlem, was the first to become thoroughly mixed. By mid-1955, population statistics revealed that this region was made up of one-third continental whites, one-third Puerto Ricans, one-third Negroes. Statistics here distort the social picture just a bit toward optimism; the groups are mixed, but in a patchy way, with whole blocks solidly Negro, solidly Puerto Rican. Figures for the main part of the Upper West Side are not in such neat balance—there are fewer Negroes and more Puerto Ricans—but a healthier integration has taken place. People of all three groups are living in neighboring houses, in the same block, in peace and harmony, and sometimes with a bit more community solidarity than is usual in New York City.

A good evidence of the unobjectionable quality of the Puerto Ricans as neighbors in the Upper West Side is that one becomes aware of being in a "foreign" neighborhood not from noticing the people (although the children are very much in evidence in warm weather), but from noticing much advertising in Spanish. Nearly every block on Columbus Avenue has its "Bodega y Carniceria"; Spanish restaurants are both seen and smelled; drug stores, barber shops, novelty shops are nearly as frequently labelled in Spanish; and even the cigarette and beer advertisements posted on walls, although

the same ones that appear elsewhere in the city, are captioned in Spanish—usually by means of an additional strip of paper printed in Spanish pasted over the English sales message. Nearly all newsstands carry *La Prensa* and *El Diario de Nueva York*—but that is not unusual, for the same stands have papers and magazines in French, German, Russian and Yiddish.

Well before the arrival of the Puerto Ricans, the Upper West Side was a place of many tongues. In the little delicatessen run by an Italian couple on Columbus Avenue between 95th and 96th, and in the super market next door, run by a group of Jewish brothers from Russia, I have heard trade conducted in every language I could identify, and in several that I could not recognize. The Bloomingdale Branch of the New York Public Library, on 100th Street near Broadway, is quadrilingual. Few stores are labelled with the "Se habla Espanol, Ici on parle francais, Man spricht Deutsch" so common in midtown Manhattan—it is taken for granted, save at one miscellaneous shop on upper Broadway, where no less than eight languages are listed on the window as "spoken here." Although one hears more German and Yiddish spoken on the streets than Spanish, there are more Spanish-speaking people than those who speak any other foreign language. The West Side Puerto Ricans, however, are here to stay, and they recognize that English is the language of New York, without for one instant repudiating the customs or language they grew up with. Children speak Spanish in the home, English in school, and both at play. Adults, born in Puerto Rico, will usually take a child with them to the doctor, as an interpreter.

Most Puerto Rican children are deposited in schools where instruction is offered in English only, although some attempt is being made to assign teachers with some knowledge of Spanish to predominantly Puerto Rican neighborhoods. For the most part, however, the children are merely given the opportunity to sink or swim. Many tragic alienations take place, but the only

available alternative would be the segregation of Puerto Ricans into special schools, where a worse alienation would be almost certain. For the forty years following United States acquisition of the island, a similar disregard for the linguistic heritage of the people went on in schools in Puerto Rico; all instruction, save that in Spanish as a "foreign language" was in English. This was an absurd situation in a Spanish-speaking country and naturally did not produce the desired effect of making the Puerto Ricans speakers of English. The result was a lower literacy rate than that of the worst state.

Even today the average Puerto Rican drops out of school around the sixth grade, although migrants to New York are somewhat better educated than average. Less than half the younger migrants have completed high school. The older the Puerto Rican the less likely that he has had much schooling, and much less that it had any effect. Very few have gone to college, although the enrollment at the University of Puerto Rico has increased fantastically over what it was when the older migrants were of school age. English is a compulsory subject in schools on the island, however, and even elementary school children have some knowledge of the language when they come here. An ideal solution to the problem would be to exploit the linguistic offering of Spanish-speaking children in teaching their language to natives of the mainland, thereby not only providing some much needed language training for English-speaking children, but serving to eliminate the feeling of inferiority that deters Puerto Ricans from working and thinking in English. The Puerto Ricans are a people of many children, and these children, growing up in the United States, can be carriers of a blend of the best in the two cultures.

Herein lies a magnificent opportunity. American civilization is what it is because each wave of immigrants has brought to it a fine contribution from its native culture. Only a part of each contribution has been accepted, slowly and against strong resistance, since it was part of the way of life of

a dominated and minority people, and the strongest and most readily accepted contributions have been from the people who came here most self-assured. The mid-nineteenth century German immigration had an immediate and profound effect; the turn-of-the-century Eastern Jews, because they were accustomed to oppression, took longer, but because they were aware of their worth, contributed as profoundly. Negroes, a group emergent from slavery, uncertain and with the stamp of difference more obvious, have taken the longest and most roundabout route. In between are the Irish and the South and East Europeans, who had poverty, lack of education, or language as their obstacles to self-assertion.

About half the Puerto Ricans who come here are of mixed blood, and all are free of racial prejudice as it is practiced in the United States. As a group they are racially ambiguous—they are all dark and somewhat different looking from the continental citizen. But unlike the Negroes—or any other group of their sort that has come to our shores—they have a militant solidarity. Their community feeling is great, and they work together vigorously for their rights. Although they, as a people, became citizens later than the American Negroes, they have a more confident attitude toward their citizenship; although a minority on the mainland, they are a majority on their island, and have the confidence that comes with being a majority. Greatest of all, although they cling solidly to their customs, language, and mores, their values are, in important features, identical with those of the middle class continental, but without this ambivalence toward some of those values. Above all else, they cherish and even pamper their children, and not only is that a characteristic that is lauded in the United States, but it produces a second generation free of inferiority feeling. A strong Latin contribution to our civilization is inevitable, and when the Puerto Ricans begin producing a literature and art on the mainland, we can expect it to be a great harbinger of the nation to come.

The Pious Pariahs

By WALTER GOLDSTEIN

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of that clamorous dissenting body, the American Council for Judaism, was held in Chicago towards the end of last April. I joined the several hundred delegates who attended its sessions, and I learned of the Council's current activities from the speeches and pamphlets which were prepared for the conference. Most of the Chicago and New York newspapers reported the proceedings at some length, and several newscasts from the conference were relayed over television. A stranger to the Jewish scene would never have believed, after seeing so much publicity, that the Council was one of the smallest and most unpopular organizations in the American Jewish Community. The expensive publicity work of the Council is designed to cover just this fact, and it has succeeded so well that there can be few Gentiles who realize that the Council's membership (liberally assessed at 20,000) includes less than 0.4% of the Jewish population of 5,000,000.

The Council first saw life in 1942, when it was originated as a violently anti-Zionist group. Its initial program aimed at preventing the establishment of a "super-ghetto" for German refugees in Palestine at the end of the war, since it feared a commitment on the part of world Jewry to the concept of a national "homeland." Four years later, during the worst of the Mandate troubles, the Council openly asserted in a letter to President Truman: "We declare and affirm that any immigrant Jew who enters Palestine contrary to its law is an illegal immigrant."

In its early years support for the Council came from a small and suspect minority. Gerald L. K. Smith, editor of *The Cross and the Flag*, ardently endorsed the Council's condemnation of the Palestine "super-ghetto." Merwin K. Hart, editor of the

Economic Council Letter, commented that he shared the Council views towards Zionism identically. For the record, the American Legion denounced both these writers for their villifying and hate-stirring anti-Semitism.

The growth of the Council's prestige during the ensuing decade could be accurately gauged at their recent conference. Amongst cordial letters of welcome, the delegates were greeted by President Eisenhower, Mr. Dulles, Admiral Radford, members of both Congressional Committees on Foreign Affairs, and by many political and religious leaders. The letter from Secretary of State Dulles was perhaps the most straight-forward. It was addressed to Clarence L. Coleman, Jr., the president, and it began:

Dear Mr. Coleman:

Once again it is my pleasure to greet the members of the American Council for Judaism as they assemble for their annual conference. It was gratifying to me that I had an opportunity to discuss problems of mutual interest with the officers of the Council a few months ago.

We welcome efforts by individuals and organizations to demonstrate the fact that United States policy in relation to the Near East serves the interest of the American people as a whole. We appreciate the constructive manner in which your Council has given its support.

This partisan commitment by the State Department was not a novel innovation. Mr. Dulles' assistant in the Middle East, Henry Byroade, had expressed similar views when he spoke to the Council's tenth conference in 1954. He had urged the Israelis, upon that occasion, "to truly look upon yourselves as a Middle Eastern state—and see your own future in that context rather than as a headquarters or nucleus, so to speak—of world wide groupings of people of a particular religious faith." This outspoken rejection of the call to Zion was supported a few days later by the Council's president, Lessing J.

Rosenwald, in a letter to *The New York Times*, in which he welcomed "Mr. Byroade's assertion as a clear and proper distinction between the religion of Jews and the nationalism of Israel." The narrating of these facts might explain why Mr. Dulles has repeatedly asked that the issues of Israel's survival should be taken out of American election politics. His ambition, as the Council describes it, is to disabuse the notion of a "Jewish vote" or of a collective Jewish interest in the future of Israel.

The most lucid of the speakers at the Council's conference was their eloquent, executive vice-president, Rabbi Elmer Berger. He has directed the Council since its inception and, since he has been undistracted by congregational devotions for some years, has applied himself to their propaganda with a dedication bordering upon fanaticism. His hard, intellectual logic would serve an attorney masterfully, but in the spiritual ethos of Jewish affairs it smacks not a little of heartlessness. His expressions of pious chauvinism roll so tartly, in his continual repetition "that a Jew should be an American first and a Jew afterwards," that one loses any sight of Jewishness in his articulate, broadcast convictions.

His speech was modestly entitled, "Some Simple Facts." He applied himself with icy analysis to the denunciation of two flagrant injustices: the "aggressive expansionism" of the Israeli state, and the Zionist "pollution" of the American community of Jews. As may be seen from his terminology, the Rabbi is neither deterred from hitting hard nor from vivid understatement.

As far as Israel was concerned, the Rabbi enunciated the Council's orthodox catechism on the subject. Under the guise of sheltering the refugees from the German concentration camps, the Zionist imperialists had foisted an Israeli "stateism" upon a naive and trusting Arab world. They had driven out the rightful Arab landowners, and they had jeopardized peace in the area by their offensive colonialism. Their doctrinaire nationalism had violated the privileges which the Arabs had so generously

accorded them, and now they were showing their gratitude by attempting to poison and pervert American Jewry.

When he turned to domestic affairs, the Rabbi achieved a pitch of rancor which titillated his audience of Council members. He accused the American Zionist collaborators of perpetrating "mass meetings, screaming advertisements in the public press, exploitation of philanthropic campaigns for militaristic propaganda, character assassination, wholesale defamation, and of meticulous care to conceal or confuse the basic issues." He demanded an inquiry into the granting of tax exemptions for donations which found their way into the financing of Israel's military aggression. And he fulminated against "the brainwashing of children in religious schools and using the sanctity of the synagogue as information centers for a foreign state." Amusingly enough, his council expressed concern lest American children learning Hebrew, or to dance the *Hora*, might ally their affections with a "repugnant, foreign nationalism."

In summary, he urged that Israel must contain itself as "a small, levantine state" without worldly ties; that it must arrange a peace and the return of refugees with its docile Arab neighbors; and that it must cease its subversive, un-American activities of raising funds and "luring away youth" from the glory and untroubled life of the American homeland.

Amongst the Rabbi's enthusiastic audience were several representatives of the Arab Information Office and of that militantly pro-Arab organization, the American Friends of the Middle East. Rabbi Berger is a vice-president of the latter body, and the former have distributed many of his pamphlets to Arab embassies to assist in the propaganda war which they have been fighting in this country under the cover of their diplomatic immunity. During the fierce disturbances on the Israeli border this spring, the activities of both of these groups could be measured quite accurately in Chicago, both at meetings and in the press. On each occasion that they denounced Israel's request for

arms, or its treatment of the Arab refugees, their remarks were noisily endorsed by officers of the American Council for Judaism.

Fortunately, the clamorous and dissenting activity of the American Council for Judaism has not gone without protest and shameful apology, by more representative groups in the Jewish community. At the termination of its recent conference, the Council was repudiated by a conference of 1,300 rabbis and by religious, charitable and Zionist organizations whose aggregate membership totalled nearly 2,000,000 Jews. The Council's chauvinistic appeal to "Americans of Jewish faith" was condemned for its lack of fraternal sympathy to the people and aspiration of Israel, and for its un-Jewish recantation from the call to Zion. Ironically, however, even *The New York Times* gave as much space to the Council's answer to these charges as it gave to the many, popular bodies which levied them.

Historically, the comparison was drawn by the late Professor Einstein to the German organization of Jewish pariahs which, by trampling upon their own Judaism, hoped to impress their Nazi persecutors that they too could be Aryan. Despising their fearful assertion of nationalism, the professor wrote:

The American Council for Judaism is a fairly exact copy of the Zentralverein Deutscher Staatsbürger Juedischen Glaubens (the Central Association of German Citizens of Jewish Faith) of unhappy memory, which in the days of our crucial need showed itself utterly impotent, and corroded the Jewish group by undermining that inner certitude

by which our people could have overcome the trials of this difficult age.

The task of combatting the destructive corrosion of the Council is made all the more difficult today, when their views have gained the sympathy of such influential adherents as President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. Opposition work has been continued for some time by the Anti-Defamation League, the Jewish war veterans, the synagogues, and by a host of other bodies. Not one single organization has yet sided with the Council, but their undaunted access to the press and to high political circles has kept them continually in the public's notice. A constant vigil has been kept to counter their irresponsible and unrepresentative activities, but the vigil can never be too close so long as the integrity and whole future of the Jewish people is at stake.

The final condemnation of the Council was penned by Dr. Abba Hillel Silver. Referring to the Council as "the informers" who threw rocks at the builders of the Jewish heritage, he wrote:

These Jews did everything in their power to prevent the establishment of the State of Israel. They put every conceivable stumbling block in the way. They joined forces with the enemies of Israel not of our faith. They knocked on every door to inform against their own people. Though they were themselves religiously indifferent, they suddenly discovered, as a shrewd part of their strategy, a vast devotion to abstract Judaism, and under that cloak, as a Council for Judaism, they proceeded to spread their insidious political propaganda. They lost out. The caravan of the builders moved on but the dogs are still barking.

GUILT

By DAVID IGNATOW

*Guilt is my one attachment to reality,
For having failed at so much
That now when I refer myself to those failures
I consider life to be formed on these terms;
So that when I am joyful at all I know
For sure that somewhere I have strayed.
My joys are infinite and give my faults
Their power to rule me at the end so strongly,
I fly so high and far, that when I am returned
It is to feel that as far as I have flown
That too is the extent of my fault.*

Thomas Mann, Priest of Culture

By ALFRED WERNER

I

BEFORE ME lies a book, *Fifty Years of Thomas Mann Studies*,* by Klaus W. Jonas, which has just been published. It is a work of selfless love and devotion, for in it the author listed more than three thousand important books and articles on Mann, written in eighteen languages. Among these are more than ninety books and pamphlets devoted entirely to Mann, and over one hundred dissertations. Inevitably, this bibliography is far from complete, as it omits both short items in these eighteen languages and any works in non-European languages (the only exception is Japanese). A really exhaustive bibliography, desirable, but hardly feasible, would, in all likelihood, require not two hundred, but two thousand printed pages; Germany alone, between 1945 and 1950, produced an estimated five thousand newspaper articles on Mann.

Under these circumstances, can anyone be bold enough to hope to say anything bright and brilliant on the late Thomas Mann that has not been said before? And is anybody bold enough to claim to have read everything Mann has written, from that 1894 short story about a "fallen" woman, *Gefallen*, to his last finished work, the introduction to *Hausbuch unvergaenglicher Prosa*, an essay the octogenarian wrote while vacationing in the Dutch sea resort of Noordwijk an Zee last summer? A writer attempting to evaluate Mann's oeuvre would do well if he approached his gigantic task in a very humble spirit, or, better still, if he always remembered that at best he could only express his admiration for the work of one of the really great in modern German literature; that whatever he wrote would

merely be like a speck of light from the hot wheel of the sun illuminating a sheet of paper.

As a Jew, a liberal, an ex-European and an ex-refugee, I cannot help giving here more attention to Mann, the *zoon politikon*, than to Mann the story-teller, essayist, critic, or lecturer. In particular, I remember vividly and most gratefully the remark he made upon his arrival in America as an exile from Nazism: "Wherever I am, is German culture." He had a right to make this bold statement, for he was the most eloquent spokesman for what was the best in the German nation, for the Faustian urge to explore the mysteries of life in its heights—and in its depths. But like every true explorer, Mann did not stay at home, did not conduct his researches from the narrow, confined atmosphere of a German town (whether the Wittenberg of Dr. Faustus or Mann's own hometown, Luebeck). His laboratory was the wide world, and the subject of his study—mankind. He might have written these words:

If we Germans do not look outside of the narrow circle of our own environment, we fall an easy prey to pedantic conceit. For that reason I like to look around in foreign nations, and I advise everyone else to do the same. National literature is of little consequence now; the epoch of world literature is at hand, and every one must do his share to hasten the arrival of that epoch.

Actually, they were spoken by Goethe a half century before Mann was born. But few Americans would question their attribution to Mann. Indeed, many a sentence that Goethe wrote could pass for genuine Thomas Mann, in spirit and style (and this game can be played in reverse). There may have been an *imitatio Goethe* operating, consciously or otherwise. But it is more likely that we equate these two great Ger-

* University of Minnesota Press, 217 pp., \$5.

man masters, the only ones (with the exception possibly, of Heine and Kafka) to have made an impact on English and American literature, and the only Germans elevated to God-like father images by the American intelligentsia.

The late Mann is well remembered by thousands of Americans who attended the lectures he gave in numerous cities from coast to coast. Some will only recall Mann's neatly plastered greyish hair with its meticulously straight part, his close-cropped moustache and his somewhat European stiff posture. Some may remember him as a model family man, happily married for fifty years to a charming, self-effacing lady (the daughter of the German-Jewish mathematician Pringsheim), and the father of six children; as a methodical worker who kept the regular hours of a postman; as an apparently unemotional, rigidly law-abiding, well-to-do citizen, who talked very quietly and had nothing glamorous about him.

But a few will also recall Mann's unforgettable eyes: calm, clear, penetrating, and yet kind. These eyes saw all the terrors and dark sides of life as though Mann had spent many of his days in a garret, in prison, or in a Nazi concentration camp. His—utterly deceptive—preference for conservative business suits amused his literary friends even when he was a young man, for one of his early heroes, Tonio Kroeger, says to Lisaveta who mocks at his faultless dress, "Every artist is as bohemian as the deuce, inside! Let him at least wear proper clothes and behave outwardly like a respectable being!"

This Thomas Mann, born at Luebeck in 1875, had a profound insight into human nature. He devoted a great deal of his long life to two interesting nations, the Germans and the Jews. That he started out as a devoted Nietzschean, in addition to being an admirer of Schopenhauer and Wagner, can be gathered from his early writings. But at the height of his career he admitted that his pre-1914 concept of life was not satisfactory:

I was infatuated with the pessimistic and romantic conception of the Universe which opposes to

each other life and spirit, sensuality and redemption, and from which are derived some most compelling effects—compelling, and yet, humanly speaking, not quite legitimate, not quite genuine.

The first world war brought the most significant change to Mann's life. He was in his early forties, over military age, and he had a dozen books to his credit. Like most German writers, he had so far paid little attention to politics. In Western Europe, as in the U.S.A., a writer is expected to take an interest in politics, to express his views for the benefit of the nation. In Imperial Germany, he was expected to keep quiet and to stick to flowers, love, and the sky, unless he could glorify the Hohenzollerns.

With disarming frankness Mann in later years admitted that, like most German intellectuals, he was politically naive when the war broke out. He was one of ninety-three intellectuals who signed a jingoistic anti-French declaration. During the war he published nothing but an essay of medium length, *Frederick the Great and the Grand Coalition*, and a voluminous study, *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*. They make strange reading in 1956, for Mann celebrated Frederick's aggressive invasion of Saxony in 1756, thus, by inference, defending the German invasion of Belgium in 1914; he wrote enthusiastically of the eternal "primitive heroic impulse" which brought about the war, and without which society would be anemic; he turned against the rule of reason and declared his deep conviction that "the German people will never be able to love political democracy," and that "the much decried authoritarian state is the form of state most suitable to the German people."

It was not fair to hold statements of this kind against Mann, as has been done. Thomas Mann was as sincere in those World War I years when he wrote against the philosophy of the West, as he was, later on, when he repudiated the *Reflections*. "I should never have published it," he wrote retrospectively. "Its sole right to publicity may perhaps lie in the fact that it served as the intellectual preliminary to the novel of European dialectics, *The Magic*

Mountain." But we think that the *Reflections* served another valuable purpose, too—they indicate the awakening of the writer, sheltered from the exigencies of life in his ivory tower, to an awareness of morality and the powers threatening it, and from there to politics which, after all, is, or should be, nothing but civic morality.

"Today war is a lie and all its works are lies. . . . Democracy is more truly German than any Imperial grand opera," he said, addressing a large audience in Berlin's Beethoven-Saal in 1923. It required audacity and strength to renounce publicly what one had preached a few years before. There were many in 1923 who agreed with him, but also many who began to hate him as a "traitor." When Thomas Mann delivered this address, he was greeted with catcalls by infuriated reactionaries. At a time when most people considered Hitler a joke, Mann took him seriously, assailing German fascism as a "racial religion, with antipathy, not only for international Judaism, but also, quite expressly, for Christianity, as a humane influence. . . . (Nazism) a pagan folk-religion, a Wotan cult . . . romantic barbarism." Like his brother Heinrich, with whom he had quarreled in the days of the first world war (Heinrich Mann was a convinced pacifist), and like the other great novelist, Jacob Wassermann, he became a voice of liberty, an advocate of justice in Germany and abroad. In 1930, after the Nazis emerged from the polling as the second largest party in the Reichstag, Mann aligned himself with a party rather remote from the patrician of Luebeck. Aware of the menace from the right, he said: "I state my conviction that the political place of the German citizen is today with the Social Democratic Party."

He could have made his peace with the Nazis as Gerhart Hauptmann did in 1933. Hitler would have loved to have in his camp the other winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, and would even have overlooked Frau Mann's Jewish descent. Soundings were made through the literary historian, Paul Fechter, but Mann paid no attention to the hint. In that crucial spring of 1933

he was abroad on a lecture tour. His family telephoned him not to return because of "bad weather." They all met at Arosa, Switzerland; none of them went back to Germany, except young Erika who returned to Munich, disguised by smoked glasses, to "steal" her father's unfinished *Joseph* manuscript from the confiscated paternal home.

We do not know exactly why Mann, for more than two years, refrained from speaking out publicly against Hitlerism, as other exiles did. To his diary (published only in 1947 under the title, *Leiden an Deutschland*) he confided his anger and horror:

We are profoundly aware that these fools, these unmitigated bunglers, will come to a bad end. And what then? What will become of this unfortunate German people, now intoxicated with pseudo-happiness? What disappointments will it have to swallow, what physical and spiritual catastrophes are preserved for it? The awakening which awaits it will be ten times more horrible than that of 1918.

In any event, Mann broke the silence in 1935, and for his rebuke of Nazism, the Hitler government deprived him of his German citizenship. Thereafter the University of Bonn informed him briefly that his name had been stricken from the list of honorary doctors. Mann in the famous letter to the dean of that university explained why he could not keep silent "in the face of the unexpiable evil that is done daily in my country to bodies, souls and minds, to right and truth, to men and mankind," and put the full responsibility for the disaster on the German intellectuals.

II

Some of the American soldiers who conquered Germany were impressed by the Germans' remarkable cleanliness. On such evidence, they were inclined to think that Hitler and the Hitlerites can't have been so bad, after all. They did not bother to see the ante-rooms to the gas chambers, adorned with inscriptions like "Observe cleanliness! Don't forget soap and towel!" It hurts to remember that the "cleanest" nation on the European continent dirtied itself with crimes that can never be washed off. There is pain in the realization that the nation that produced one of the modern world's greatest

liberal writers also gave birth to history's worst gangsters. Thomas Mann did not overlook this paradox. In an address broadcast to the German people a few hours before V-E day, he stated:

Even the German who escaped in ample time from the realm of National Socialist leadership, who did not like to live in the vicinity of these abodes of abomination, did not like to go about his business in ostensible virtue and pretend to know nothing while the wind carried the stench of charred human flesh to his nostrils—even this German is ashamed in the depths of his soul for the things that were possible in the land of his fathers and his masters.

This reference to himself was most typical of Mann, the apostle of sincerity, the truth-seeker. He knew that in a very subtle, very mysterious way every German, even the good one, was involved in the Nazi butchery, regardless of his personal stand. The great Gerhart Hauptmann either did not know this, or refused to ponder over the matter. Mann never forgave his colleague for having made peace with the Third Reich. Erika Mann relates how, some time in the mid-thirties, her father and Hauptmann happened to be at a Zurich tailor-shop at the same time. Asked by the proprietor, not without malice, whether he would like to say "hello" to the other "lion," Thomas Mann flatly refused, and old Hauptmann's reaction to a similar proposal was a cautious, "Better wait till times have changed a bit."

Times did change, but they changed for the worse. In 1938 the Nazis invaded Austria, forcing old Professor Freud and thousands of his fellow-Jews to flee abroad. In the same year Thomas Mann decided to leave Switzerland and to settle in the U.S.A., for a time at Princeton, New Jersey, where the novelist would lecture at the Institute of Advanced Studies. A few weeks before this dark year came to an end, the Nazis unleashed the whole fury of Judaeophobia against the Jews of "Greater Germany." It was on the very eve of that infamous "Black Thursday" (November 10, 1938) when thousands of Jews, including the writer, were thrown into concentration camps, that Mann delivered a remarkable speech in New York. Assailing the forces of falsehood

that were ready to swallow the whole of Europe, as they had conquered Mann's native country, the Nobel Prize winner declared:

I have given up life on the continent of my birth and come to live with you, and my reason is simply this: The fundamental difference between life in America and life in Europe today is exactly the difference between the acknowledgment and the suppression of truth. It is the difference between the belief and the disbelief in truth as an inalienable human value.

But Mann, in his speeches and magazine articles which, to this writer at least, seem as important as his novels and short stories, also attacked McCarthyism and Communism. He defended the Jews, not as a "philo-Semite"—in fact, the attempted division of the world into "philo-Semites" and "anti-Semites" is an affront to the dignity of human beings—but as a *philosophos*, a friend of wisdom, a pursuer of truth, who managed to find the road from the non-political aestheticism of his youth to democracy and world citizenship.

III

Mann, who counted many Jews among his friends, was always fascinated by the existence of a group of people, different, in some respects, from their neighbors. Into his short stories and novels, he very frequently introduced Jewish figures. But unfortunately, Mann himself, who so often attacked anti-Semitism and extolled Jewry's contribution to civilization, rarely succeeded in presenting a modern Jew who is a real, believable person, whether "good" or "bad." He gave his best in the physician in *Royal Highness* (New York 1916), in the character of Dr. Sammet who defies the difficulties arising from the fact that he is of the Mosaic faith, and who gains success through his excellent work and character alone.

Sammet plays only a minor role in this brilliant satire on Imperial Germany's high aristocracy, but he is a more genuine, convincing person than Leo Naphta in Mann's most ambitious work, *The Magic Mountain* (1927). Naphta, wrestling with several other persons for the soul of the innocent hero, Hans Castorp, is a convert to Catholicism,

and the representative of terror and violence, of superstition and authoritarianism. I wonder whether some atavistic reaction and recollection had not played a trick upon the great liberal, Thomas Mann, when he felt compelled to select a Jew, albeit one who had rejected Judaism, for the role of Satan's advocate.

The Jesuit Naphta, a demoniacal figure, is also a pathetic one: this advocate of violence is unable to kill his enemy, Settembrini, and, instead, kills himself. Perhaps Mann wished, by portraying this Eastern European *shohet's* son who discarded Judaism because he considered it a hindrance, to demonstrate the dangers hidden in the twisted personality of the 20th century assimilated Jew. Unfortunately, in *Doctor Faustus* (1948), the Jewish characters are not more to our liking. Dr. Chaim Breisacher, the scholar, is described as a man of a "fascinating ugliness," an arch-conservative who had wit "but not of a very sympathetic kind." There is also Saul Fitelberg, the glib seducer, the corrupt impresario who invaded the holy realm of the arts with his sharp practice, an unscrupulous agent like Budd Schulberg's Sammy. There are a few minor characters, also Jewish, and they also are caricatures rather than recognizable human beings.

Mann was shocked upon learning that his Jewish friends strongly resented creations like Breisacher and Fitelberg, and in a lengthy essay, published shortly after the novel under the title, *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* (The Genesis of Doctor Faustus) he defended himself against the charge of having misrepresented the Jews: after all, he declared, virtually all the characters in the novel have faults—why, in any event, should the Jews be exempted.

But what are a relatively few pages in a life-work comprising many thousands of printed pages! Let us not forget that Mann gave us the novelette, *The Tables of the Law* (1942), and, more important, the tetralogy, *Joseph and His Brothers* (1934-1944).

The novelette shows neither the heroic

and gigantic Moses of Michelangelo nor the Egyptian Moses of Freud, but the Hebrew Moses, lacking the features of a demi-God without lacking dignity, a majestic person and yet a man of flesh and blood, not immune to temptations. Putting aside, for a change, his 18th century rationalism, and suppressing his playful irony, Mann created a God-intoxicated Hebrew seer, an idealist with a burning desire to "carve out of this pale, amorphous mass, which he so loved [i.e., the Israelitish people] the sacred image of the Deity." Moses hurls his wrath against those who refuse to acknowledge the validity of the Ten Commandments: "It is not hard," remarks J. M. Lindsay, author of the latest monograph on Mann (Oxford 1954), "to hear in the accents of the lawgiver echoes of Thomas Mann's impassioned attacks on those who had violated fundamental human rights from 1933 onward."

The Tables of the Law is only a by-product of Mann's long preoccupation with the Bible. As for *Joseph and His Brothers*, one of the great novels of this century, it was inspired by Goethe's advice. Writing his memoirs, Goethe recalled that, as a boy, he had rewritten the Joseph story, weaving it into a broad narrative—unfortunately, nothing has come to us of young Goethe's precocious venture. But Mann, reading Goethe's *Poetry and Truth*, felt challenged by the classic poet's exhortation to "carry out in all its details . . . this natural story . . . highly amiable . . . only it seemed too short." Thus, in our time more than twelve hundred closely printed pages developed out of nineteen pages of the *Holy Scriptures*!

Joseph and His Brothers can be taken as a poem of mankind, a symbol of humanity like Goethe's *Faust*. In a sense, it may even be taken as a pro-humanist, pro-democratic novel, showing a young man's journey from egotistical "totalitarian" dreams, from megalomania to social awareness and social responsibility. It is fascinating to watch the transformation of the self-centered aesthete whose conceit incurs the hatred of his brothers. Self-assured, handsome, intelligent, literate, young Joseph possesses a superior

intelligence which permits him to act deliberately where his father and his brothers, all unlettered herdsmen, would act unwittingly. He is vain and spoiled; only through great suffering is he able to mature, to conquer his exaggerated individualism, and to acquire a sense of social responsibility. It is in Egypt that Joseph frees himself of the self-sufficiency derived from his detachment, and through a series of bitter experiences, learns to replace his intellectual by a moral superiority that, eventually, makes him emerge as "the Provider," a social leader of the highest order.

Many essays have been written by Jews and Gentiles about the tetralogy, but the most revealing statement came, of course, from Mann himself. At the Library of Congress he lectured on *The Joseph Novels* shortly before sending the completed manuscript of the final volume, *Joseph the Provider*, to the man who, since 1916, had published all his works in the U.S.A.—Alfred A. Knopf. Below are excerpts from the very interesting text:

Some people were inclined to regard *Joseph and his Brothers* as a Jewish novel, even as merely a novel for Jews. Well, the selection of the Old Testament subject was certainly not mere accident; most certainly there were hidden defiantly polemic connections between it and certain tendencies of our time which I always found repulsive from the bottom of my soul: the growing vulgar anti-Semitism which is an essential part of the Fascist mob-myth, and which commits the brutish denial of the fact that Judaism and Hellenism are the two principal pillars upon which our Occidental civilization rests. To write a novel of the Jewish spirit was timely just because it seemed untimely. And, it is true, my story always follows the dates of Genesis with semi-jocular faithfulness, and often reads like an exegesis and amplification of the Torah, like a rabbinical Midrash. And yet all that is Jewish throughout the work is merely foreground, just as the Hebrew cadences of its diction is only foreground, only one style element among others, only one stratum of its language which strangely fuses the archaic and the modern, the epical and analytic.

In the last book [*Joseph the Provider*] is a poem, the song of annunciation which the musical child sings for the aged Jacob, and which is an odd composition of psalter recollections and little verses of the German romantic type. That is an example of the character of the whole work, which seeks to blend a great many things, and because it conceives

and imagines everything human as a unity it borrows its motives, memories, allusions, as well as linguistic sounds from many spheres. Just as all the Jewish legends are based on other, timeless mythologies, and made transparent by them, so Joseph, the hero, is also a transparent figure, changing with the illumination in vexatious fashion: he is, with a great deal of consciousness, an Adonis and a Tammuz figure; but then he perceptibly slides into a Hermes part, the part of the mundane and skillful businessman and the intelligent profit producer among the gods; and in his great conversation with Pharaoh the mythologies of all the world, the Hebraic, Babylonian, Egyptian and Greek, are mingled so thoroughly that one will hardly be aware of holding a Biblical Jewish story-book in one's hands.

All this sounds convincing, indeed. Yet it seems significant to me that Mann chose, neither the Assyrian Gilgamesh, nor the Icelandic Edda, nor any other pagan epic as a point of departure for his lengthy excursion back into the depths of time, or—what is really the same thing—down into the depths of the soul," but the Bible of the Jews.

IV

There can be little doubt that Felix Krull, hero of Mann's last novel, is a distant cousin of Joseph. As everybody knows by now, this big novel, *The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*,* grew out of a slim fragment that appeared in the 1911 almanac of S. Fischer Verlag, Mann's German publisher. "Felix Krull is in essence the story of an artist," the novelist commented at that time. What Mann wished to stress, and what he subsequently expounded in the large final work, was the relationship between artistic creativeness and moral derangement. Just as Joseph is intellectually superior to the men of his milieu, so the delightful rogue Felix Krull is, inevitably, much smarter than the men and women he manages to cheat. His acts are, of course, immoral, whether as a child he forges letters in his father's handwriting to excuse his absence from school, or whether, years later, he passes himself off as the young Marquis de Venosta in Lisbon (this being the last episode in the charming book). But if he does not have moral scruples, he has at least imagination—plenty of it.

* Translated by Denver Lindley. Alfred A. Knopf. 384 pp., \$4.50.

It is possible that Mann, through this humorous novel, wished to drive home the seriously dubious aspects of a purely aesthetic culture. But it is more likely that in the continuation of *Felix Krull* which he wanted to write he intended to show a maturing and finally mature Krull, one who gradually loses the naivete essential to being a perfect impostor, and who, step by step, gains that insight which alone gives substance and body to the otherwise evanescent achievement of the man who calls himself an artist. All of Mann's major works are "Bildungsromane," that is to say, novels in which the development of the hero into a civilized human being is shown. There may be several such heroes in one novel (*The Buddenbrooks*), or the development may be cut short by tragedy (*The Magic Mountain* and *Doctor Faustus*), but Mann would not have been the loyal follower of Goethe, nor the lovable teacher that he always was, had he not planned the Krull novel as a modern version of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Wilhelm and Felix may be entirely different persons, but the men who created them were not extremely different in their pedagogical aims. Neither Goethe nor Mann were moralists, but neither were they advocates of amoral Bohemian existence.

Under the guidance of Freud, Felix Krull might have turned into one accepting the basic tenets of civilization while rejecting its fallacies—a 20th century Joseph the provider rather than Krull the destroyer. It is very likely that Dr. Sigmund Freud, that avid reader, knew the 1911 fragment of Felix Krull—how delighted he will be on Olympus that he will now be able to listen to the stories spun recently by the newcomer, his "young" friend Thomas Mann!

In this world, the two great humanists had numerous contacts. As for myself, I can very well remember the celebration honoring Doctor Sigmund Freud on his eightieth birthday, with no less a person than Mann chosen as the speaker. Vienna's Grosser Konzerthausaal was crowded as I had never seen it before. Mann and Freud: there were many bonds between the Nobel Prize win-

ner and the father of psychoanalysis. Both had had their books destroyed in Nazi Germany ("Well, at least I've been burned in good company!" was Freud's remark upon learning of the bonfires in 1933). Both had many admirers—and many enemies. Both were fearless searchers for the truth that makes us free. But theirs was the relationship of disciple and master, for Thomas Mann considered himself a pupil of the old Viennese who was his guide through the jungle of the human mind.

In his address Mann, with unmistakable reference to Nazism, complained of the moral devastation produced "by worship of the unconscious, the glorification of the primitive and irrational." He hailed Freud as a pathfinder of a better future when man will stand "in a different relation to the powers of the lower world, the unconscious, the id; a relation bolder, freer, blither, productive of a riper art than any possible in our neurotic, fear-ridden, hate-ridden world."

This was in 1936. Later, in 1949, on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of Goethe's birth I heard Mann lecture in New York on the other humanist who had helped him shape his language, his thought. There was chaos in Goethe, along with the inherited bourgeois tradition of system and orderliness. When these two clashed in the poet's soul, they produced dramas and novels, the hero of which was always Goethe, in different disguises. The same can be said of Mann—one idea formed the central theme of his life work: the sensitive artist's groping for a settlement with the cruel pattern of human existence. Mann expressed his humanist, individualistic, anti-totalitarian strivings once:

I never wished to be a stranger in this world, as it often lies in the nature of a poet to be, but I have tried to give myself to mankind, to society, to the state—insofar as its sphere touches that of culture—to my family, to social life, to friendship, to recreation, to enjoyment. The problems of the conflict between Life and Art, between the world of form and the world of men, have concerned me early and late, and much as I have been called to Art, not to say condemned to it, I have not wished to consume myself in it, but to be, as far as I could, a human being.

L'Après-Midi de Mr. Tannenbaum

By JOEL TURNER

IN HIS SMALL CUBICLE of an office which was cheerless and ill-smelling and ugly, no bit of the dull January sun reached Mr. Tannenbaum. Gloom seemed to have concentrated there. As his office was cheerless and ugly all year round, he did not feel this lack of light, but even so, he could not take his mind from thoughts of the dreary day outside. He had been out at lunchtime, had met Sidney at a delicatessen where they had each had a pastrami sandwich.

Sidney was Mr. Tannenbaum's brother-in-law, and had been full of family news. But Mr. Tannenbaum had scarcely listened to him, and could not now remember what Sidney had said. He knew that later his wife would ask him questions and make him uncomfortable for his inattention.

When Mr. Tannenbaum returned to his office alone, walking through the cheerless winter day, he felt for a moment that he was part of the day itself. The strange feeling came over him that there was no difference between his body and the cold light and gloom of the sunshine. And though he was bundled in a heavy overcoat—one hundred and fifty dollars, custom-made—he had felt very cold, cold to his bones, naked, as if the coat and its cost were no longer able to protect him from the dreariness of the day and its sun.

Mr. Tannenbaum's office was on the top floor of a dingy building in the garment center. Instead of taking the elevator up to his office he had walked up the cold, metal stairs. He did not want to see anyone, to feel anyone close to him. When he reached his office, panting from the upward climb, and before he entered his own private cubicle which was separated from the clerical section of the large general office outside, he noticed that something was missing.

For a while he did not realize what it was. But when he sat before his desk, and let the impressions of the outside office flow gently into shape in his mind one by one, and then slowly fade away in turn, he knew what it was. Miss Jennings was not at her desk, and had not been there all day.

Miss Jennings was a tall, thin girl, not very pretty, but there was something about her face that had always bothered Mr. Tannenbaum, something in face and manner which had caused him to hire her in the first place even though he had known she was not right for the job. In the three months she had been with him, he had watched her and had not been able to keep her from his thoughts. He had not always been kind to her; on several occasions he had been cruel, as rude and crude to her as he was to the rest of his office staff. Why he felt more his crudeness and cruelty to her than to the others he did not understand. After all, she had not done her work any better than Shirley, who had been with him for so many years and with whom he conducted a running battle, and whose last name he still could never remember.

He resented Miss Jennings and she fascinated him. When he was angry with her she never replied to him, never tried to make excuses or defend herself, like all the others did. She had never argued with him, and in Mr. Tannenbaum's world people who did not argue or fight back were considered fools.

Mr. Tannenbaum would have liked to consider her a fool. Yet he was aware that he did not. He was angry with her and with himself for that awareness, and cursed her to himself. He had spoken unkindly to her before the others, and she never replied, never, except to apologize for her shortcom-

ings. Her only reaction was a gentle flow of tears from her light blue eyes. The tears merely added to the sweetness and gentleness of her face. He saw her clearly, the tears shining with a faint sunlight not present in the cubicle, standing near him. And today she was not at her desk.

When Mr. Tannenbaum realized this, he knew what the matter was with the day. He knew the sun in wintertime was always cold and gloomy. It was a fact, and such things had not concerned him in a long time. Be he knew when he missed Miss Jennings that her absence was the fact that made his body seem like the cold, dead January air itself, unprotected by his hundred and fifty dollar overcoat.

Mr. Tannenbaum slowly rose from his comfortable swivel-chair—he always got up slowly these days for he had become heavy and his paunch was not easy to manage—and walked to the door. Shirley, outside, heard the squeak of the chair, put aside the letter she was writing to her boy friend, quickly inserted a piece of paper in her typewriter and began to type furiously.

"Shirley," Mr. Tannenbaum said from the doorway of his office, "Shirley, Miss Jennings not in today?"

Shirley did not let his question interrupt her typing. "No, Mr. Tannenbaum, I thought you knew. I thought Mr. Brownover told you all about it."

"Nobody told me nothing."

"Well, I didn't see it was my place, since I'm not in charge of personnel here. That's Mr. Brownover's job." Shirley returned the typewriter carriage with a decisive movement.

"What's the matter with her?"

"I suppose Mr. Brownover knows, but he's gone to the bank. He's in charge of petty cash, too."

"Did she telephone in?"

"I suppose so. I didn't hear Mr. Brownover say."

"Was anything the matter with her yesterday?"

"I really couldn't say. But she told me

confidentially, off the record, that she wouldn't be here."

"Well, then, why didn't you tell Mr. Brownover?"

"That's not part of my job. She didn't say she wanted Mr. Brownover to know. That's between her and him. She told it to me socially. I'm just telling you because you asked, though I know I shouldn't because it was told me confidential, and that's just between her and me."

"If anything is the matter with her you can tell me. I oughta know."

"Oh, I don't think anything is the matter. I think she just got fed up with things the way they are around here, and I don't think she'll be back." Shirley's tone indicated that she was in accord with Miss Jennings' feelings.

"What do you mean she won't be back?"

"Well—" Shirley hesitated, and stopped typing, to show that she was torn by conflict. "If you must know, she's getting married. She told me so, just between us two. Of course I don't like to go spreading things about that are none of my business—"

"There is no reason why she should keep such a secret—some girls manage to get married even if others don't." Mr. Tannenbaum could not help getting in this jibe at Shirley. "Nothing wrong with getting married, if you want to."

"I guess not. Lots of people do do it. But she didn't want anyone around here to know it just the same. Leastways, not you and Mr. Brownover."

"She didn't want me to know—did she say so?"

"N-no. But she didn't tell you, did she?"

"No," Mr. Tannenbaum admitted.

"So there. If she didn't tell you she was going, I guess she didn't want you to know."

"She should have told somebody."

"She did. She told me."

"I guess we'll have to get somebody else in her place," Mr. Tannenbaum said.

"I guess so," Shirley replied sharply. "I can't do everything around here by myself. But that's Mr. Brownover's job to get some-

one, not mine, so you'll have to speak to him about that."

"Yeah, I will."

"Of course it's none of my business—" but before Shirley could go on further, Mr. Tannenbaum had retired once more into his office.

When Shirley heard the door shut safely behind him, she returned to her personal letter. Now she had something to write about.

Mr. Tannenbaum crossed the sunless room and seated himself again in the swivel-chair that squeaked as it received his bulk even more than it had when it let him go.

Miss Jennings was gone, and Mr. Tannenbaum felt desolate that one of the loveliest things he had ever known had been taken away from him, had fled from him without warning. Every detail of her face was clear to him: the blue eyes, the clear skin, and the feeling of fresh youth about her. He did not remember that she had been tall and awkward.

He lit one of his special cigars, the brand he usually used when he wanted to impress someone, and for the first time it occurred to him what a vile taste it had, how horrible the scent of cigars had always been to him, and how he had never noticed it before. He would not, however, throw away a fifty-cent cigar once it had been lighted, and smoked on determinedly.

While he still had the match in his hand, his telephone rang and even before he answered it, he realized with a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, that it was his wife. Mr. Tannenbaum did not dislike his wife, but he disliked having to have much to do with her. He considered himself lucky—when he considered himself at all—to have such a mate. Not that she was pretty, or clever, or that there was anything unusual about her; she was much like the wives of the other men he knew. He could acknowledge her without shame, present her without feeling that people felt he had married outside his age or place in life. She suited him, expected little of him except money to go

shopping with. In her he felt he had got what he deserved.

"Bernie," her hard, accented voice came over the telephone, "Bernie, you forgot about tonight already?"

"Yeah. What about tonight?"

"I knew I should call you up and remind you." Mr. Tannenbaum looked at his free hand and thought he had never noticed how ugly it was, with its thick, coarse texture and crude shape.

"Remind me of what?"

"Tonight's the night we gotta go to a show with the Harrises." Mr. Tannenbaum felt that his stomach was a balloon, attached with anchors of steel to his limbs which held him fast in his chair.

"The hell you say!"

"I knew as well as I know my own name you'd forget about it. But don't start giving me excuses now, we gotta go. I've already got the tickets, and they cost plenty, I can tell you. We just had to get the best we could though. After all, they took us to that musical that Saturday night. It was terrible, remember?" Mr. Tannenbaum's free hand went to his head, and he realized with something of a shock that he was almost bald. He had never thought of it before.

"I hope we don't have to take 'em out to eat."

"Certainly not, they didn't take us, did they? But that's one of the things I called about. You and me. We gotta eat just the same, and I thought maybe I could meet you downtown so you wouldn't have to make the trip all the way up here and then back again." Mr. Tannenbaum looked down at his thick, woolen suit and thought he could smell the odor of his decaying body through the expensive cloth.

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

"I'll meet you at Fifty-Second Street Schrafft's at the regular time."

"Where do we go from there?"

"Well—" Mr. Tannenbaum detected the hesitant note in her voice, "I got tickets to the ballet, so we won't have too far to go."

"Tickets to what?" Mr. Tannenbaum shouted incredulously, at the same time

feeling his jowls shake from the sudden movement of his head, like deflated balloons.

"What's the matter with the ballet? Lots of people go to it."

"I never been."

"Neither have I. But they're the most expensive and hard to get tickets in town now, and I wouldn't let the Harrises outdo us. Don't you let them forget how much we're spending on them, not for a minute."

"You think they gonna like this—?"

"What difference does it make whether they like it or not? We can all always leave, just so long as they know they haven't outdone us in the way of tickets."

"Yeah, I guess so," Mr. Tannenbaum complied. His hand moved down to his chin, and he felt the soft, fat flesh, as if it were hanging from his cheekbones like wet cloth on a clothesline.

"OK, then, I'll see you at Schrafft's."

"OK. And Bernie—?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't forget to use that mouthwash you keep in your desk. Sometimes your breath smells like your false teeth when you haven't taken them out all day."

"OK, I won't forget."

"I don't care myself, I'm used to it, but I don't want the Harrises to have anything to talk about afterwards."

"No, certainly not."

"All right, then, Bernie, I'll be seeing you. And for God's sake try to be on time, will you?"

"I'm not the one who is always late, if you'll remember. It's you who always keeps me standing around for God knows how—"

"OK, Bernie, OK," Mrs. Tannenbaum broke in placatingly. "I'll be there. Don't worry. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," Mr. Tannenbaum muttered gloweringly, as he slammed down the receiver.

When the Tannenbaums and the Harrises were finally seated in the theatre, the curtain had not yet risen on the performance.

"I never been to the ballet before," Mrs. Harris, a fat, silly woman in her thirties,

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

giggled. "Always seemed a little too fancy for me."

"Mrs. Harris," Mrs. Tannenbaum said severely, "You don't know what a time I had getting these tickets. Everybody told me how they couldn't be had at any price. But in this town I've found anything can be had if you know how to go about it. And if you got the money."

"I gotta hand it to you," Mr. Harris, a heavy, dark man said admiringly, "That's the only way you get things done."

"Sure. That's what I'm always telling Bernie. Only thing is, it costs you plenty."

"They're pretty good seats," Mrs. Harris said, condescendingly.

Mrs. Tannenbaum could not let this pass. "We're not nearly so far over on the side like we were when we saw that musical with you that Saturday night."

"I don't think Bernie is going to care much for the ballet," Mrs. Harris said loudly, and he and his wife laughed loudly as if this were a bit of real wit.

"Come on, Harry, how you gonna like it yourself?" Mrs. Harris managed to say after she had her laughter under control. She didn't want to be unfair to her host.

"If you don't like it we can always go. Nothing to make us sit and watch something we don't like, even if we did buy expensive seats," Mrs. Tannenbaum put in, knowing that she herself was going to be willing to leave early and wanting to prepare the way for it.

The lights in the theatre slowly expired and footlights gradually came to life before the enormous yellow curtain on the stage. Mr. Tannenbaum thought of Miss Jennings and sunlight, and wondered if this was something she might like, this gentle ebbing and flowing of warm light like a fog.

There was a faint tinkle of applause when the conductor came and stood before the orchestra, and he turned to acknowledge it. "Look!" Mr. Harris said in a loud whisper, nudging his wife, "the Maestro." At this the two giggled softly. The conductor turned to the orchestra and after a moment the music began.

The music was no more real than the scenery and the dancers, when the curtain rose after a while. As the great gold cloth parted slowly, Mr. Tannenbaum felt the first warmth he had felt all day long flow suddenly through his body, the same effect as that produced by a large gulp of alcohol. It was the music, he thought. "I've always been a sucker for any kind of music."

The sound was sensual. The stage setting was unreal: it was the glamorization of a large room in a fairy-tale castle. Nothing could have been further away from Mr. Tannenbaum's world than this. But the dancers were for him the most unreal thing of all. With their tight-fitting costumes revealing the perfection of their bodies, they were all beautiful and clean and excitingly dressed in gossamer and light, and they were all young.

One dancer was especially beautiful to Mr. Tannenbaum. She was proud in her bearing, sure in her command of the audience. Mr. Tannenbaum felt that she had something about her of Miss Jennings. She was cold, like the weary sunlight in the afternoon, but it was the coldness of perfection, not the coldness of a bedraggled day. She took no notice of the audience but moved in a world of her own, a perpetual world of constant, perfect motion from which it was impossible for her ever to return.

Mr. Tannenbaum envied the muscular young man who was her partner. This man had nothing to do but concentrate on her loveliness—she was the center of the world for him. Every gesture he made was to support her in some way, to aid her in the accomplishment of her steady flow of movement. She did not ask for this help. She did not need to, it was always there, and she knew it would be. The entire company of dancers had this attitude towards her, too, Mr. Tannenbaum noticed. They made way for her. They arranged themselves in pleasing groups as background while she remained always the center of the picture. No one was ever slack in his devotion to her. All

revolved around this cold, beautiful creature who created so much grace around her.

Finally Mr. Tannenbaum's attention wandered a little from her, and he noticed that all the dancers were young, all beautiful, all graceful, and all had the same remote quality as the principal figure. Their youth and bodies were revealed to full advantage by their tight-fitting costumes. There were no wrinkles; their movement was studied and perfect—their faces idealized masks. The lights protected them from contact with the audience. For one wild moment Mr. Tannenbaum wondered if they ever sweated, smelled, were coarse in their thought and language, and cruel as he sometimes was. But he wondered only for a moment.

There was enchantment on the stage and Mr. Tannenbaum did not care to question it. When the curtain fell on the first act, he was cold in a veneer of sweat, and he felt the veneer crack as a trickle of perspiration ran down the calf of one leg.

When the lights came up, Mr. Harris was the first to speak: "Christ, let's get out of here and see if we can find a drink."

Without a word the others followed him and it was only when they were at a nearby bar, with drinks before them, that Mr. Harris trusted himself to speak further. "Jesus, how'd you ever get roped in on this deal?"

"The papers said it was good. All of them. I read it myself," Mrs. Tannenbaum responded defensively.

"All the papers said that?"

"All of them."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Mrs. Tannenbaum echoed, in the same belligerent tone.

"Come on, Harry, don't act like that," Mrs. Harris felt that she could afford to be placative. "I don't know what to do with Harry," she said in a harried mother manner to Mrs. Tannenbaum, "he always says what he thinks no matter who he says it to and no matter what it is."

"Why don't we go over to Martin's and have a few drinks and go on home?" Mr.

Harris interrupted his wife, still speaking his mind.

"No," Mr. Tannenbaum suddenly said, loudly and with finality.

They all turned to him, surprised at his outburst. He did not explain nor argue further, but swallowed his drink in a gulp and got up to return to the theatre.

Mr. Harris frowned, and Mrs. Harris sighed regretfully. Mrs. Tannenbaum scowled at her glass. "After all, we paid for these seats and I think we ought to stay and see if things get any better," she said.

"I like it," Mr. Tannenbaum said, more quietly this time.

Mr. Harris suddenly roared with laughter and Mrs. Harris, taking her cue, immediately followed suit. "Bernie liked it!" the man bellowed. "Oh, Bernie, you're a card," Mrs. Harris was able to gasp. But Mr. Tannenbaum stood waiting for them quietly, and when they had finished their drinks, doggedly led them back to their seats. Things had gone past the stage for conversation.

The music began once again, and Mr. Tannenbaum felt that he had never known such a moment of perfection, an expected moment, the only one in a lifetime, that fulfilled its promise. The curtain rose and the unreal story was continued on the stage. As he watched, Mr. Tannenbaum was not so conscious of the story as he was of himself and his relation to the people performing it.

He had never been like any of those people, even when he was young. He had been ugly always, he knew that, coarse-skinned and lumpy and hairy and smelly. He realized there never had been beauty in his body. He knew that, before now, there had never been beauty in his mind. He remembered Miss Jennings and knew she had been the first beauty there, and it had led to this. She was not beautiful in herself, either, but she had the quality of beauty. And she had the same power over him as the sensuality of the music. This quality had the power to create desire in him, and strange longing, as the young bodies on the stage did in their revelation

of the story without words but with their bodies, and with light and color, and ease and grace.

For a moment he forced himself to think again of the dancers as they probably were in every day life. But no—that was unfair. To themselves, he believed, they only lived there on the stage, and the life they lived elsewhere must be the unreal one.

The audience applauded vulgarly from time to time, as if anxious to interrupt the action, jealous of it, but the cold young woman on the stage was too proud to take notice of it. The music rose to a crescendo; a young man flew about the stage, his muscular, lean body a triumph of energy. Mr. Tannenbaum felt nausea rising up through his body. It was the nausea of regret. Then the young woman was in an ecstasy of motion, and all the dancers joined in the orgy as the music built a fog of sound about them. Mr. Tannenbaum felt the warmth in his stomach, felt that it was absorbed by his clothing, and that all of him was suddenly on the verge of gray coldness.

It was over. The curtain was down. The act was finished, and Mr. Tannenbaum felt that his stomach was a balloon of flesh resting on his lap. His hands were rubber gloves blown up into grotesque shape, without feeling. There was a little pain at the back of his neck, and he could feel a draft on his bald head. The audience applauded wildly. The dancers stepped forth to acknowledge the approval. But Mr. Tannenbaum scarcely looked at them as he rose to go with his wife and the Harrises. The dancers were out of their context for him now. There was no music, and they bowed and smiled like other people.

This time Mr. Harris did not suggest a drink. He did not suggest anything, failing for once to speak his mind. While he scowled, his wife picked at her hands uneasily. The Tannenbaums were people Mr. Harris could afford to be rude to, since they could do nothing for him in the way of business, and his wife was afraid he would exercise his privilege. She did not want to appear ungrateful for the expensive and

hard-to-get tickets. By this time Mrs. Tannenbaum did not really care. She was so bored that any excitement would now be welcome to her. She liked a good fight ordinarily, and tonight felt she would especially welcome one. If, before the evening were over, she did not fight with the Harrises she was determined to tell Tannenbaum a thing or two.

Mr. Tannenbaum was conscious of the tension. When Mr. Harris said, "Let's get the hell out of here," he did not resist. He, too, had had enough.

"Let's take a taxi home," he said, when they reached the street.

"All the way to the Bronx!" Mrs. Harris exclaimed, impressed.

"Taxi!" Mr. Tannenbaum yelled, feeling that this was the easiest and quickest way to get them home and be rid of them. A moment later the two couples were on their way.

Mr. Tannenbaum knew to what he was returning. He had never known before because heretofore he had never been away from himself. Now he knew.

"I don't think I much care if I don't ever see any ballet again," Mrs. Harris ventured, the unpleasantness of the evening somewhat mollified by the taxi ride home.

"You took it better than I ever could," Mr. Harris added, with a more friendly air, somewhat impressed with the taxi also.

"Well, speaking for myself," Mrs. Tannenbaum put in firmly, as though no one would ever dare say a word for her, "I don't think I ever want to see any more, no matter how much it costs." She was pleased things weren't turning out too badly after all. It was worth the taxi fare.

"Me either," said Mr. Tannenbaum unexpectedly, and sincerely. From now on it was enough for him to know that there was a Miss Jennings in the world, and a world where all was perfection.

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

By DONNA DICKEY GUYER

He wrote of simple things, not of the fighting,
But about cookies that he used to eat,
The fish he caught when they were "really biting."
His prowess when he was a young athlete—
The "boyish pleasures of my youth," he said
(And he just twenty-two.) He also wrote
He hoped somehow that he would get ahead
In life and marry some nice girl, unquote!
He asked me please to take good care of Nell,
"A keen dog, though she never learned to hunt."
It was a homesick letter. I could tell.
He couldn't say if they were near the front.
I looked until the pencilled writing swam:
It came ten days after the cablegram.

Tercentenary of Anglo-Jewry

By J. LITVIN

IN 1956 ANGLO-JEWRY will be celebrating the tercentenary of its settlement in Great Britain. England is one of the few countries in the world whose Jewry has a history rent by an interruption of about 366 years.

The exact date of the first Jewish settlement in the British Isles is not known. The Jews, as the textbooks tell us, were to be found throughout Roman Europe—in Italy, France, Spain and even in Germany. In Cologne there was an important Hebrew congregation in the days of Constantine the Great. Since Britain had been a Roman colony for over 400 years, it is very likely that she, too, possessed Jewish settlements. Yet we have no concrete evidence confirming this supposition. Even if Jews actually lived in Roman Britain, it is extremely doubtful that they remained there during the Dark Ages of the Anglo-Saxon invasions. Definite mention of Jews occurs in the laws of the Anglo-Saxon church, but these have been copied from the ecclesiastical laws of neighboring countries, particularly France, where numerous Jewish communities had been established long before the Norman Conquest (1066). There is definite proof of Jewish settlements in England following the Conquest, and it is very probable that they were brought over by William the Conqueror from Normandy. These Jews, though scant in number, made a considerable contribution towards the Jewish learning of the day; several of them are mentioned in Tosafoth, and they were in close contact with other European Jews, even those of far-away Russia. One of the first Jewish talmudical scholars of pre-expulsion England was Rabbi Itche (Isaac) of Tchernigov (a town in Russian Ukraine). His explanation of the origin and meaning of the Hebrew word

Yibum through tracing it to a similar word in Russian was quoted in the Hebrew Encyclopedia Shoham by a pre-expulsion Jewish scholar. The famous Abraham Ibn Ezra visited London and according to some historians even died there. But the position of the English Jews steadily deteriorated. An increasing wave of massacres, including the famous massacre at York in 1180; of blood libels set off in 1255, by the case of Hugh of Lincoln, the first known blood libel in Christendom; of hangings (in London alone there were 293 in one year), and of persecutions, culminating in 1290 in Edward I's edict expelling the Jews from England. Over 16,000 Jews were sent out of the country; there is no evidence of Jews embracing Christianity to avoid expulsion.

For over 360 years England was *Judenrein*. It must be stated most categorically that this was the most turbulent period in England's history: civil wars and rebellions fill the annals of those years: Wat Tyler's Rebellion, the War of the Roses, the Black Death, the Reformation and at last the Great Rebellion and the execution of Charles I. It is true that some Marranos from Spain visited or even settled in England (Elizabeth I's physician Rodriguez, who was later executed, was a Spanish Marrano); but they neither formed a community, nor practiced Judaism openly. It was only in 1656 that the Jews were once again allowed to practice their creed freely in England.

Their return constitutes a most interesting phenomenon. Mysticism and Messianism, financial, economic and political considerations, as well as legal affinities all played their part in this historic event. Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel (1604-1657), the famous Marrano scholar and author,

was inspired by messianic ideas, which were very widespread at that time. He was convinced that the resettlement of Jews in England was an essential condition for the coming of the Messiah. When, with a view to accomplishing this, he came over to Cromwellian England, his appeals fell on fertile ground, for the Old Testament and Mysticism were very fashionable in England at that time. Cromwell was interested in acquiring the financial and political support of the Marranos, who had great influence in Holland. A Jewish community was openly established, though not with any formal official sanction. When the monarchy was restored in England all the laws issued by Cromwell were annulled. It was discovered then that Cromwell had not actually revoked the edict of 1290 expelling the Jews, and that this had been, moreover, only a temporary measure applying to Jews then in England. The settlement of Jews in England thus became legalized.

Last year American Jews celebrated their tercentenary; next year British Jews are celebrating theirs. Jewry outside Israel has practically become an English-speaking people, and the English language now occupies much the same place in Jewish life as that which Arabic occupied a thousand years ago. English-speaking Jews number from six and a half to seven millions; almost every Jewish intellectual in Israel can read English. The English language is widely employed by Jewish Rabbis, scholars, authors and poets. Yet a hundred years ago, two hundred years after the first Jewish settlements in America and Great Britain, the famous Dean of St. Paul's, Milman, in his well-known three volume history of the Jews could declare that the paucity of Jews in English-speaking countries (there were only about sixty thousand of them in these countries) was to be explained by the intrinsic inability of Jews to assimilate English culture. And Milman was no anti-Semite! Little did he foresee that within a hundred years the Jewish communities in the Anglo-Saxon lands were to become the greatest in the world and that their members would occupy

the highest positions in the spheres of the arts and sciences, politics and commerce.

For the last three hundred years, there have been six main waves of Jewish immigrants coming into Great Britain. In the seventeenth century the Sephardim (Marranos from Spain and Portugal) predominated. In the 18th century Ashkenazim from Holland and Germany were the main newcomers, to be joined in the first half of the 19th century by Jews from Poland and Austria. In the second half of that century, there came Jews from Russia and Galicia, and their numbers were later augmented as a result of the 1880 pogroms in Russia, as well as those of 1903-1905. At that point, Balfour (the English Plehve as the Russian Jews dubbed him—Plehve being the notorious anti-Semitic Russian Minister) introduced the first legislation prohibiting the immigration of aliens (read Jewish immigration). After Hitler's persecution a wave of German, Australian and Czechoslovak Jews reached the English shores, to be followed during and immediately after the war by the sixth and last wave of immigrants—the Polish Jews.

There are at present about one half million Jews in England. As has been previously stated in these columns the Anglo-Jewish community is now shrinking all the time; its numbers, since the end of the war, have been on the decline owing to assimilation, emigration and a low birth-rate.

Assimilation is no recent phenomenon in Anglo-Jewry. With regard to the actual number of Jewish immigrants in England there are, unfortunately, no definite figures to go upon. Judging, however, by the endless number of people of Jewish origin that one is forever coming across in all walks of life, the process of assimilation must have been taking place at a great rate in this country for a very long time. The late Leopold Amery (whose son was hanged for broadcasting for Hitler during the war), Sir Anthony Eden, Lady Mountbatten, the children of Mosley (the leader of the British Fascists) the famous bookseller Foyle and many others from both upper and lower

rungs of society are wholly or partly of Jewish origin. There is another standing proof of this assimilation. Very few Jewish families can count among their ancestors even one who settled in this country before 1870-80. Yet there must have been considerable numbers of these latter. The only explanation is to be found in the never-ending process of assimilation in this country. New-comers arrived and became assimilated, others came after them and traversed the same highway. I have discovered some strange cases of assimilation dating from the beginning of the 19th century. There are, for example, several Christian masters at English public schools, descendants of famous Jewish Rabbis who arrived here a hundred or more years ago. One of them, a man of 90, was the mirror image of his venerable great-great-grandfather whose picture used to adorn many a wall in Jewish homes in Eastern Europe.

Even assimilation changes its forms. In olden days it was conversion which provided the main gateway to assimilation and there have been some bizarre cases when converted families for several generations retained their pure Jewish origin, intermarrying deliberately or by chance only with each other. Conversion was very widespread in the first half of the 19th century and again at the beginning of the 20th century when the missionaries were particularly active among poor Jewish immigrants. Today conversion is out of fashion (except among some German refugees and in certain select coteries of academic youth). It is intermarriage which is the real menace at the present time, and it is casting its net in ever-widening circles. This is a very important sociological problem which is occasioning great anxiety not only (and even not so much) to orthodox Jewry, but to the so-called "Anglo-Anglo" Jews. The Anglo-Jewish Association, the most aristocratic and patriotic Jewish Association in this country, issues frequent warnings against this danger, as do certain Liberal and Reform Jews. The main reasons for intermarriage are the following: Jews constitute a small minority in

this country and young Jewish men (and this holds especially for small provincial communities and also some remote London and Manchester districts) rarely meet Jewish girls, but very often come into contact with non-Jewish young women. There is also the question of dowry: Jewish boys and girls are reputed to be very fastidious in the matter of their future mates' personal effects, whilst non-Jews have no such qualms and are more modest in their demands. Be that as it may, the plague of intermarriage is spreading, bringing in its wake, as a rule, great sorrow not only to their parents and relatives but even to the newly-weds themselves. Many intermarriages turn out most unfortunately. On this account the well-known non-Jewish marriage guide, Dr. Mace, has on several occasions advised against intermarriage in his regular articles in the liberal *Star*, one of three leading evening papers in the country. For the same reason several other prominent Christians have raised their voices against intermarriage.

There is, however, a new, and no less dangerous form of assimilation — severance of all relations with the community. There are in England tens of thousands of Jewish families, mostly of the younger generation, who have no connection with anything Jewish: they never visit a synagogue, they do not join in Jewish activities, they do not observe any Jewish customs; most of them have no Jewish education and everything Jewish is completely alien to them, although they know and, on the whole, make no effort to deny their Jewish origin.

It is no exaggeration that Anglo-Jewry is the most ably organized Jewish community outside Israel. Some years ago a non-Jewish scholar, who at the instigation of a progressive movement had investigated the structure of Anglo-Jewry, arrived at the well-founded conclusion that it suffered from superorganization. Anglo-Jewish organizations and institutions share much in common with their non-Jewish counterparts, both in the history of their origin and in the methods of their functioning. Most Anglo-

Jewish institutions are connected with Synagogues; this is true even of literary societies.

The Board of Deputies of British Jews

This is the Parliament of Anglo-Jewry, which is mainly composed of synagogue-representatives, although representatives of secular institutions, such as Jewish political parties, friendly societies and the body of ex-servicemen are also admitted. The board was first established in 1760 for the purpose of presenting an address of loyalty to King George III on behalf of the Ashkenazi and Sephardi communities. Today it consists of over 400 deputies, elected by British (and some Commonwealth) communities and institutions. Its main purpose is to see that no Jew, whether British or foreign, should suffer any disability by reason of his race or creed. In 1836 the board, by the Marriage Act and Registration Act of Parliament, was recognized as the body representing Anglo-Jewry. It has played an important role in Jewish history and has raised its voice against the persecution of Jews all over the world. Its present president is Barnett Janner, M.P., the Zionist leader and a dauntless fighter for Palestine and Israel in Parliament. Among its past presidents were Sir Moses Montefiore and Prof. Selig Brodetsky. Since the end of the war the Board of Deputies has from time to time convened Commonwealth conferences of delegates of Jewish representative bodies in the dominions and colonies.

The United Synagogue

This is undoubtedly the second most important Jewish institution in Great Britain. Established in 1870 and recognized in the same year by an act of Parliament it united at that time five Synagogues including the Great (founded in the 17th century), the Hambro' (founded in 1707) and the New (founded in 1761). Its membership in 1870 ran only to about 2,000; today it unites 75 London Synagogues with a membership of over 30,000. Although it is strictly limited to London (all attempts to create an all-England United Synagogue having floundered) its influence is felt all over the British

Commonwealth and beyond. It is the United Synagogue which provides most of the funds needed to support the Chief Rabbinate of the British Commonwealth and his court, the Beth Din—the most influential orthodox Beth Din outside Israel. The United Synagogue is also the mainstay of the Jews' College (which trains ministers and chazanim), the Schechita Board, the Kashrus Commission, the London Board of Jewish Education and of numerous other welfare, cultural and religious institutions. Its presidency formerly was "vested" in the house of Rothschild. The late president, Sir Robert Waley-Cohen, was the first to break this tradition (albeit related to the Rothschilds); he was to a certain degree the "head" of Anglo-Jewry and its institutions.

The Zionist Federation

The Zionist Federation quite definitely ranks as the leading secular organization in England, with more than 30,000 members and 430 affiliated bodies (292 of which are Zionist societies, including 142 women's societies, and 120 of which are Synagogues). Unlike the Board of Deputies and the United Synagogue it is not recognized by an act of Parliament; yet it was to the Zionist Federation of Great Britain that the British Government addressed the Balfour Declaration. The Federation publishes *The Jewish Observer*, a weekly, and *The Gates of Zion*, a quarterly review of Judaism and Zionism, in Hebrew and English, a bi-monthly *Tarbut* in Hebrew and *The Zionist Year Book*.

Like the United Synagogue, the Zionist Federation wields an influence far greater than that of its formal functions. For although the other Zionist parties, excepting the Poale Zion (that is, the Mizrachi, Revisionists and Mapam), are not affiliated with the Federation, in actual fact all Zionist activities are controlled by the Federation; religious Zionism is directed by the Synagogue Council, which conducts Zionist work in the Synagogues and publishes *The Gates of Zion*.

Of the many other secular Jewish institu-

tions and organizations the following two deserve especial mention here:

The Anglo-Jewish Association, founded in 1871, which serves as a stronghold for those Jews for whom a loyal adherence to things English forms the guiding principle; and the World Jewish Congress of which the Marchioness of Reading is president.

In addition to its institutions which are truly remarkable for their combination of characteristics, at once so British, so Jewish and in the main so traditional, Anglo-Jewry is distinguished by its aristocracy. These famous families have played a significant part in the Anglo-Jewish, or indeed, general Jewish history of the last two centuries. The heads of these great houses have often been derided as "Grand Dukes," yet no serious historian can overlook the considerable services they have rendered to the Jewish cause and the profound influence they have exerted on the fate of Anglo-Jewry and its institutions. The most renowned of these families, of course, is the House of Rothschild, which made such important contributions to English finance and politics. It was Lord Rothschild who provided Disraeli with the wherewithal to carry out that startling coup which made Britain owner of the Suez Canal. In Jewish life, too, the Rothschilds played no less a role, for in the struggle for Jewish emancipation, in the affairs of the community and particularly of the United Synagogue, it was they who supplied the leadership. The Balfour Declaration was handed over to Lord Rothschild, as the de facto head of the Jewish community, that he himself might forward it to the Zionist Federation. Not long ago the personal intervention of a Rothschild brought about the reconciliation of several Jewish educational bodies.

The fame of Sir Moses Montefiore spread all over the world. He died childless, but his relatives, the Montefiores and the Sebag-Montefiores, still occupy a prominent place in Jewish public life. There are the Waley-Cohens, the Montagues, the Samuels, the Mocattas and others, quite often interrelated and not infrequently very devoted to

one or another Jewish institution. The adverse fate, however, which has affected aristocracies generally has not left the Jewish aristocracy in England unscathed, and like its counterparts elsewhere it has been undergoing a period of considerable decline. Yet its influence is still strongly felt, and for many reasons. Jews, as a rule, are a very grateful people, and English Jews cannot forget the debt they owe to these great houses for their championship of the Jewish cause in England and all over the world. When the Russian Jews arrived from the Tzarist Empire, where a Jew was not even allowed to be night watchman, to find that in England there were Jewish lords and high dignitaries interested in Jewish affairs and caring for him, the homeless stranger, his heart was filled with pride, awe and thankfulness, and these sentiments linger. England is a country of tradition, and we Jews are like other Englishmen, only more so. The tradition of great houses is being carried on and new houses are making their appearance. The family of Sieff, Marks and Sacher (the family) has for the last 30 years been occupying an ever-more important role in Jewish, and especially Zionist affairs. Rebecca Sieff presides over WIZO, Israel Sieff fills the post of Hon. President of the Zionist Federation, Sir Simon Marks is head of the Joint Palestine Appeal, Michael Sacher serves as the Treasurer of the J.N.F., Edward Sieff is Chairman of the J.P.A. executive committee; and these constitute but a few examples, for there are many more.

The Anglo-Jewish community is divided up into Orthodox and non-Orthodox congregations. The Orthodox section comprises the United Synagogue, the Federation of Synagogues (100,000 members), the extreme orthodox Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations (about 5,000 members), and an overwhelming majority of the Provincial Synagogues; as well as the Sephardim, who form the oldest Jewish community in England, with its spiritual headship vested in the Haham, and with several synagogues in London and Manchester. The non-orthodox section is made up of the reform and liberal

synagogues, but they tend to play a rather insignificant part in general Jewish life, even though their membership, of late, has been showing an inclination to increase. One of their leaders is Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck. There are very powerful orthodox communities in the provinces, particularly in Sunderland, Manchester, Gateshead and Letchworth. A development worthy of special note is that of the Gateshead Yeshivah, for both in size and in the standard of its scholarship it is gradually becoming comparable to the famous talmudical academies of Lithuania.

The Anglo-Jewry of today makes up a community which differs quite radically from that of a few decades ago. The broad gulf which used to separate the new, alien Jews from the established English Jews has disappeared. Most Jews speak English, and save for the occasional employment of a few scattered Yiddishisms, English alone. The concentration of Jews in the slum-districts of London, Manchester, Glasgow and Leeds is a thing of the past. They have long migrated to the outlying suburbs and to areas of greater elegance with only some few institutions remaining housed in the former slum-centers of the Jews. The majority of all the committees of important organizations, and nearly all synagogue boards is made up of British-born members. Sons and daughters of comparatively recent immigrants abound in the professions and lecture at the universities. Economically and culturally British Jewry has made tremendous progress during the last thirty or forty years. The same, however, cannot be said for its purely Jewish culture. Seen from the standpoint of an ordinary Eastern-European Jewish town dweller, present Anglo-Jewry would take on the appearance of an almost wholly assimilated set of people: for in language, nomenclature, habits and dress they are well-nigh indistinguishable from the surrounding population. It is, moreover, extremely doubtful whether even so many as one per cent of British-born Jews would be capable of reading and translating accurately an average verse in the Pentateuch of the Prayer Book. There is a great deal, in fact

far too much, of cant about Jewish education, but the concrete results are very sad indeed. Anglo-Jewry possesses about fifty-one periodicals altogether, but only one Yiddish weekly, one Yiddish monthly, one Hebrew bi-monthly and one Hebrew and English quarterly review. True, from time to time a volume of the *Metzudah* (a Hebrew almanac) appears, but most of its contributors do not emanate from England. A certain author once wrote, with a great amount of truth, that the so-called period of the Revival of Hebrew should in reality have been dubbed the period of Hebrew's Gradual Death, seeing that today the proportion of Hebrew-reading people in our ranks is probably the lowest in our history. The same can be said of the development of Jewish culture in Great Britain.

Mention must be made, at this juncture, of the *Jewish Chronicle*. This Anglo-Jewish weekly is without doubt the most ably run and influential Jewish weekly outside Israel, and has its place among the truly important Anglo-Jewish institutions. Although its management is in private hands, it ranks as the official Jewish organ, providing an information which is often quite excellent, and drawing its contributions from many outstanding scholars, writers and journalists. Its economic basis is very sound and the great number of its advertisements furnish a source of immense income. In fact, it enjoys a veritable monopoly among the Jews; every Friday evening it is read in tens of thousands of homes, in too many of which, alas, it serves as the sole provider of Jewish education and knowledge.

Inestimable indeed has the force of the legend been throughout man's long history, and here by legend is implied not only the fabricated tale of miracles, but that consecrated aura which surrounds certain events and personalities, movements and ideals. In our Jewish history we have recently borne witness to the great force of the Herzl legend. For Herzl became a legend even during his lifetime. The sudden meteoric appearance of this unknown, handsome

young Jew, with his charming personality, his profound conviction that it was his mission to deliver the Jews from oppression, his audiences with the Pope, with Kings and Emperors, his visit to Jerusalem, his presence at the resplendent Zionist Congresses, in the midst of the coterie of Nordau, Marmorek and other world-famous Jews, and above all, his premature death and the tragic fate which overtook his family, all this combined to create the Herzl legend which did so much to sustain the Zionist movement.

Anglo-Jewry, unhappily, in all the three hundred years of its existence has not managed to give birth to a single legend, associated either with a person or an institution. True, Sir Moses Montefiore did become a legend, but only in Eastern Europe where every Jewish house displayed the portrait of the pious English knight who crossed oceans and deserts to save his persecuted brethren, and in whose honor the mighty Russian Czar, Alexander II, broke off his military maneuvers, that he might salute the English Jew in his capital. Among the English Jews, however, Montefiore never became a legendary figure. Even the great Jewish houses of England could not furnish material for a legend; they were not sufficiently Jewish for that. This absence of a legend, this lack of a saga is a symptom of spiritual anemia and an evidence of poverty of soul.

What of the future? The future is concealed from mortals; and all too often the unforeseen and unexpected occurs. Yet as far as human beings may speculate about what will come to pass, we may allow ourselves certain statements and predictions concerning Anglo-Jewry. There is no future for Jewish culture in England; there is indeed little future for Anglo-Jewry as a whole. Assimilation is embracing all circles and groups within the community; Jewish sentiments are weakening; the number of Halutzim and Olim proceeding from Britain is constantly decreasing, whilst the proportion of intermarriages waxes ever more alarmingly great; Jewish centers are disappearing as Jews forever on the move to new estates

and districts of greater fashionableness, become dispersed among the non-Jewish population. The Jew resembles his neighbor more and more. In the east end of London there is a circle of Friends of Yiddish, whose founder, leader and moving spirit is the Yiddish poet Stencel. In one of his lectures Stencel has declared with bitterness: "We are reciting the Derabonon Kaddish (Kaddish Longus) after Jewish culture, but after us no one will be able to recite even the Kaddish Yossem (Kaddish Brevis)." This is the sad truth. Sentiments are growing cooler, old ties are being severed. Gone is eastern Europe, the old-time reservoir of an endless amount of Jewish vigor, energy, tradition and emotion. The German extermination and the cold war have brought to an end all contact between English Jews and their relatives in eastern Europe. Memories of the Stedtl are fading away, even the older ones amongst us are forgetting them, whilst to the younger generation they seem foreign and bizarre and, more's the pity, unattractive. Israel, in the eyes of most English Jews, is fast becoming a foreign country, and the host of her admirers is diminishing apace. The number of people interested and engaged in Jewish activities is lessening every day. While the remaining veterans endeavor to raise their voices to an ever higher pitch and so conceal their mournful paucity, their hoarseness and hysteria fail to deceive even the most inexperienced observer. The old tendency of Anglo-Jewry to assimilate and become submerged by the surrounding population is very much alive, and now there is no longer any Jewish immigration to instil new blood into the community and counteract this tendency. The tough old institutions of Anglo-Jewry are still Jewish citadels, but in the long run they too must prove powerless to stem the general current which is slowly engulfing even them. Anglo-Jewry is now about to celebrate its tercentenary, and may certainly be proud of its past achievements. Yet there is little on the immediate horizon which entitles it to look forward to a bright Jewish future.

The Wiener Library

By WERNER J. CAHNMAN

THE HITLER persecution, apart from its staggering cost in human life and happiness, has put an end to many Jewish organizations and scholarly collections in Europe, but it also stimulated a new institutional growth in other lands. Three institutions particularly come to mind: the Central Zionist Archives in Jerusalem, the "Yivo" Society for Jewish Research in New York and the Wiener Library in London. The Central Zionist Archives, transferred from Berlin to Jerusalem in 1933, specialize in the history of Zionism since Herzl. "Yivo," founded in Vilna in 1925 and brought over to New York at the outbreak of World War II, is chiefly concerned with Jewish social history and the contemporary Jewish scene. In contradistinction, the Jewish Central Information Office in London, better known as the Wiener Library, is centered around the documentation of Nazism and its impact both on general civilization and Jewish life.

The story of how the Wiener Library came into being is a saga in itself. In the 1920's and 1930's, the "Centralverein," the large civic defense organization of German Jewry, had built up archives on all aspects of German Nazism which played a considerable role in aiding the various anti-Nazi political parties in the fateful German elections of 1930 and 1932; these archives were lost in 1933. A year later, one of the directors of the "Centralverein," Dr. Alfred Wiener, emigrated to Amsterdam and started counteracting the Goebbels propaganda machine from abroad. Assisted by Dutch friends, the Jewish Central Information Office was created, with purpose of watching closely the situation of the Jews in Germany and to draw up carefully checked

reports for the information of Jewish organizations all over the world. The scantily financed collection started in a hotel room and was time and again relocated, as activities increased.

In 1939, after the German occupation of Prague, it was decided to transfer the main offices to London; the premises at 19, Manchester Square were opened on September 1, 1939, the very day of the German invasion of Poland. This was a truly remarkable coincidence. It may be said that, if the collection had not been established at an allied capital at that time, the need would have been felt to initiate it soon thereafter. Accordingly, development was rapid. In June 1940, the Press and Information Department of the Board of Deputies of British Jews was incorporated into the Jewish Central Information Office and the combined offices were streamlined for action. In order to better satisfy the wartime needs of governments, particularly the British Government, a special branch, under the name of "The Wiener Library," was created. All political subject matter, dealing with Nazi and anti-Nazi activities, subsequently was sent out under that imprint. From October 1940 on, a bulletin entitled "The Nazis at War" was produced which traced Nazi thought by way of exact quotation from accessible sources and revealed the actual condition in the countries under German domination.

Throughout the war, many offices, newspapers and individual researchers availed themselves of the unique opportunities which the Wiener Library offered them. Especially the British Ministry of Information made extensive use of the library's resources and much of the success of BBC propaganda derived from its solid grounding

in the incontrovertible facts which the library's analysts had collected and passed on. In other words, the Wiener Library was by no means a negligible element in the enviable reputation for reliability that BBC acquired in these years. Further, in the last stages of the war, the Wiener Library gave substantial assistance to a number of newly-formed bodies concerned with the future administration of Germany. Also, dossiers on war criminals as well as on German legal matters were supplied to the United Nations War Crime Commission and to authorities concerned with the same subject matter in individual countries.

The valuable contributions made by the Wiener Library in the struggle against Nazism in all its aspects received official commendation from the British Government. Dr. Wiener was made a British citizen during the war in spite of the fact that he was technically an "enemy alien." Still more remarkable, when the Nazi regime was finally overthrown, the democratic German President Theodor Heuss conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Merit of the German Federal Republic. The official citation acknowledges Dr. Wiener's "meritorious service in establishing the library in London bearing his name, which contains comprehensive and valuable material on the entire history of National-Socialism, and for his courageous resistance to National-Socialist oppression."

The purely Jewish work of the Jewish Central Information Office was continued throughout the war although numerous Jewish centers had disappeared in the wake of Nazi occupation. This made the gathering of the news more difficult, but their dissemination all the more necessary. A periodical publication, "Jewish News," was initiated, with the purpose of making accessible to Jewish leaders and the Jewish public such information of Jewish interest which the office managed to receive from various parts of the world. Particular attention was given to the problem of refugees. Memoranda were drawn up on the systematic Nazi policy

of exterminating the Jews of Europe by starvation, exposure and deliberate slaughter, on the persecution of the Jews of Germany and Poland and on the connection between antisemitism and actions of high treason in various countries. This latter pamphlet contained evidence on the way antisemitism had aided the cause of quislings, fascists and fifth columnists. Everything, as one can see from this brief enumeration, was bent to the sole aim of defeating Hitler.

The wartime division into a general and a Jewish department has been maintained after the cessation of hostilities. The underlying philosophy, which is shared by many modern Jewish historians and social scientists, is that Jewish affairs are not self-contained and cannot be studied in isolation. Probably at no time was Jewish life imperivable to outside influences. Political events, social and economic translocations, cross-currents of cultural movements were reflected in the "Yiddish gass"; this is doubly true in an era of swiftly changing mass societies. For instance, Jewish community organization changes with the structure of the general environment, Jewish migration is the consequence of economic developments which are not restricted to the Jewish sector and antisemitism itself, although it appears to be hitting only the Jews, is the expression of hostilities of complex origin and of upheavals of wide impact. Everywhere, Jewish thought and institutions are embedded in the outside world, they function very much as a part of it and they maintain their specific character only, if they are fully cognizant of that fact. On the other hand, anti-Jewish attitudes are basic to modern totalitarianism. The Jewish Central Information Office (Wiener Library) is an institution where the awareness of these relationships is expressed in the collection and organization of its materials. As a result, many types of researchers find their desires satisfied there: The Jewish scholar will be supplied with data on every aspect of Jewish life, with the exception of purely religious and philosophical questions, while the stu-

dent of world affairs will be in a position to trace back the totalitarian movements of our epoch to their origins and to examine their structure, growth and decline. And both will come to see that their data and findings are interdependent.

Today, the Wiener Library is a well-integrated, if struggling, organization, maintained by dues from private subscribers and grants from Jewish communal bodies. The library comprises over 50,000 books, reference works, pamphlets, periodicals and other documents, in addition to hundreds of thousands of newspaper clippings and photographs, all on a great variety of topics. There are divisions on race and race problems; anti-semitism and defense against antisemitism; Jewish, especially German-Jewish history; Jewish institutions and organizations in many lands; Zionism and Israel, and others. However, the materials which form the macabre background of modern Jewish history are the real strength of the Wiener Library. There is, for instance, a section dealing with the history of the ill-fated Weimar Republic, containing books and pamphlets that have become inaccessible elsewhere. There are sections on Nazi personalities, Nazi education, the Nazi Party, German Law, the German church struggle, and Nazi propaganda abroad. Among the latter section is a series of documents stemming from the infamous "World Service" in Erfurt, Germany, which reveals the methods of Nazi infiltration. A particularly valuable section deals with neo-Nazi and neo-Fascist hate groups on an international scale; here the publications of Swedish, French, Canadian, Argentinian would-be Hitlers are collected and the activities of Arab propaganda offices in England and in the United States are observed and analyzed. The formation of a section on Communist antisemitism and on the collaboration between Communists and extreme nationalists is contemplated.

With all these materials at hand, the Wiener Library has established itself as one of the foremost arsenals of democracy in our

time. Its resources are used by government agencies, journalists, historians and private researchers. Many important books of the last decade dealing with political and especially antitotalitarian subject matter, such as Eva Reichmann's "Hostages of Civilization," J. W. Wheeler-Bennet's "The Nemesis of Power" and Gerald Reitlinger's "The Final Solution," could not have been written without these resources. For those who are not on the spot, "The Wiener Library Bulletin," which appears bimonthly, presents excerpts of pro-Nazi as well as anti-Nazi books and periodicals, reports about current German problems and about the widely ramified international Fascist movement and reviews literature dealing with Judaica, antisemitica and related subjects. The information comes from trusted correspondents, is purely factual in character and describes incipient phenomena with the same care as headline-making events. For instance, the movement of Pierre Poujade in France, both in its general and antisemitic aspects, was excellently analyzed in the summer issue of 1955, long before Mr. Poujade's election victory catapulted him into the limelight of international attention.

The Wiener Library, established and maintained by Jews, is a Jewish institution, but it attempts to serve both the Jewish people and the cause of freedom. The two are indeed inseparable. It has long been recognized that the Jewish people can breathe only in an atmosphere of liberty and justice, but our generation has also gone through the experience that freedom itself is menaced when Jews are deprived of their right to coexist and collaborate with other citizens in the spirit of equality. The Wiener Library is therefore well attuned to the spiritual and practical needs of our time. It is to be hoped that the uniquely combined collections of this Anglo-Jewish organization be made available to American public and private agencies, libraries and archives in the near future.

St. Louis, Mo. Obeys the Law

By RICHARD B. STEPHENSON

THE PROBLEMS created by the Supreme Court decision against racial segregation in the public schools are the most difficult and acute ones facing communities in the nation today. No other decision the Court has ever made has affected so many people in such a sudden and direct manner; was so joyously welcomed by so many people; or was so bitterly resented by others.

In the face of this decision, some communities such as St. Louis have complied with the verdict and some have announced plans to do so, but others have stated their absolute defiance of the Court. Those which have proceeded to obey have encountered numerous difficulties and problems requiring the utmost in political and administrative courage, patience, determination, and skill to solve.

St. Louis had legally segregated schools under laws which were rooted in the social and political traditions of the state of Missouri and of the city. Missouri is a "border state." It was a slave state until the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. After that, racial discrimination in many aspects of life, such as housing, employment, and public accommodation, faced the Negro and continue to face him today in Missouri.

The successful completion of the change-over from a racially segregated school system to a racially integrated one had to be, then, based on intelligently conceived steps to persuade the city to act according to the high ideals of its American democratic heritage, not according to the demands of the traditions of racism which it and the nation are rapidly moving away from.

Attitudes of the various social and interest groups in the city had to be reconciled and

enlisted in support of the move. The white and Negro parents had to be persuaded to work together; the interest of the students themselves had to be channeled in a direction which would help. Various civic organizations had worked for years to improve race relations in the city and they all cooperated with the St. Louis Board of Education enthusiastically. The first key to the success of integration was the fact that the ground had been prepared for the change by several years of human relations programs among the students, parents, and general public by various civic organizations; programs which, though not specifically oriented towards school integration, created an attitude on the part of the citizens as a whole which was at least receptive to the change if it wasn't enthusiastic about it. The second key factor was the determination of the leaders of the groups most intimately involved in the situation to make the change successfully. The Board of Education and school officials, teachers, students, parents, the press, religious organizations, city officials, and racial organizations backed each other up.

The decision of the Supreme Court fitted closely into a pattern of crumbling racial barriers which had been marked in the past ten years in the city. St. Louis University and Washington University had been desegregated; the major hotels had adopted the policy of serving Negro guests; all Catholic schools and churches had integrated their operations under the direction of Archbishop Ritter; and progress had been made in the housing situation due to the fact that restrictive covenants had been ruled legally unenforceable. This had come about largely as a result of the effectively close working

relationships between the various private and public groups active in the field of human relationships. The National Conference of Christians and Jews, the St. Louis Council on Human Relations, the Urban League of St. Louis, the St. Louis Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Catholic organizations, and the Metropolitan Federation of Churches, as well as other groups, had established harmonious ties in this field. This is a situation which is regrettably not as true in many other cities.

Much of the success of the desegregation in the schools was due to a program of human relations begun in 1945 by the N.C.C.J. under the direction of Mr. Virgil Border, local executive secretary. The American Council on Education sponsored a series of projects in the school systems of eighteen different cities entitled, "The Co-operating Schools Project in Intergroup Education." The team which came to St. Louis was led by Dr. Hilda Taba. Her team was a racially and religiously integrated one itself, and so it could be sensitive to the needs and feelings of the city. This program resulted in the establishment of the University Workshop in Intergroup Education at Washington University under the leadership of Dr. Frank Sckwar. Teachers, sociologists, and psychologists met together and discussed and formulated techniques of teaching in integrated classrooms, making the teachers more aware of the problems and attitudes involved and also more sympathetic to the situation as the minority child faced it. A similar workshop was started at St. Louis University in 1951 under the leadership of Reverend Trafford P. Maher, S.J. Out of these workshops there developed an integrated, voluntary teachers' association known as the Intergroup Education Association.

Simultaneously, the N.C.C.J., after the Cooperation Schools Project was completed, began to sponsor the Intergroup Youth Movement. The dynamo and central body of this movement is the Intergroup Youth Steering Committee composed of represen-

tatives from all of the public, parochial, and private high schools in St. Louis and St. Louis County. Twice a month they meet as fellow human beings, "to think, feel, explore, plan, talk, work, and play together." There is no fixed agenda and participants are free to discuss any subjects which hold their interest. Special projects, including annual brotherhood conferences and joint creative outlets in arts, crafts, music, folk dancing, and service programs are undertaken. The youngsters seem to recognize more clearly than their parents that there is a need for getting acquainted with people of different backgrounds and of learning the basic similarity of peoples. The movement proved so contagious when it was begun that the delegates to the central steering committee established Human Relations clubs in each high school.

The St. Louis Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had been working with the local school authorities for years educating the school board members as to the attitudes and aspirations of Negro parents and children. Probably the thing which the NAACP did which contributed most to a peaceful change in the school system was to persuade the newspapers and radio stations not to give publicity to the activities of white supremacist organizations in the city such as the Citizens Protective League led by Mr. John Hamilton, one time associate of Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith when the latter made his headquarters in St. Louis. This was done several years prior to the Supreme Court decision and had other objectives also, but it had the effect of denying publicity to disruptive elements at a critical time and this prevented any growth and strength they might have obtained as a result of publicity. This news blackout may at first glance seem like a violation of the freedom of speech to which everyone is constitutionally entitled. However, the policy was adopted by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the St. Louis Globe Democrat and the radio and television stations after the NAACP pointed out to them in 1949

that the size and importance of these groups did not justify the prominence the newspapers had been giving them in their news columns up to that time. Mr. Hubert L. Brown, president of the local branch of the NAACP, pointed out to the news editors that the Christian Nationalist Party, which the Citizen's Protective League supported in the general election of 1948, polled only two hundred votes locally at that time. This meant the organization was so small that it had no importance in the community and did not merit much publicity.

The sum of all of these measures meant that when the Court handed down its ruling in May, 1954, St. Louis was ready to comply. These programs were not aimed specifically at school integration, but their effect was such that when the city was faced with the necessity of integrating its schools, it was willing to do so. Harris Teachers College opened as scheduled with an integrated student body and an integrated teaching and clerical staff in September, 1954. The rest of the school system was integrated according to plan. There was no major interference from any opposition at any time. The Citizen's Protective League distributed some inflammatory leaflets on the grounds of Harris Teachers College when it opened, but, due to the lack of attention it received from the press and radio, the city ignored these tactics and as a result, its efforts at disruption died at birth.

The state legislature of Missouri adjourned the same day the Court decision was made known, so it took no action. Attorney General John M. Dalton ruled that the state's constitutional and statutory laws requiring segregation had been instantly invalidated by the Court's ruling. Any local school board which wished to proceed to draw up plans to integrate its system was free to do so, but no board could be compelled to because the Supreme Court had not issued its final orders.

On June 22, 1954, a special meeting of the Board of Education of St. Louis was called to adopt a plan of gradual integration. The plan adopted provided school admin-

istrators time to work out the problems of drawing new school boundaries, assignment of teachers and pupils and other personnel, transfer of books and materials, and transmission of information to the parents. Also, more administrative attention could be given to each individual school at the time it was being integrated in a graduated plan.

The plan called for integration of the two teachers' colleges, Stowe, the college for Negroes, and Harris, the college for whites, into one school, Harris Teachers College and of special schools and classes for handicapped children in September, 1954; integration of all high schools except the technical high schools, and of the adult education program in January, 1955; and integration of technical high schools and regular elementary schools in September, 1955. The plan also contained provisions for protection of tenure rights of Negro teachers and for complete integration of teaching and maintenance staffs.

Immediately after the board's plan was made public, the Metropolitan Federation of Churches announced a day of prayer of thanksgiving for integration, to be observed on the following Sunday in all of the metropolitan area's six hundred Protestant Churches. Archbishop Ritter of the Catholic Archdiocese of St. Louis issued a pastoral letter in support of the board's move, which was read from the pulpits of all of the Catholic churches. The local affiliate of the American Medical Association issued a statement of commendation. The Mayor's Commission on Human Relations held an institute on the problems of integration for teachers and administrators soon afterwards.

During the summer of 1954, other efforts were made to insure a peaceful change. It was anticipated by integrationists that there would be parental misunderstandings of the issues involved, so many organizations, particularly the Urban League, took steps to assuage the fears these misunderstandings had aroused. The League worked with the Parent Teachers Association, League members meeting with joint white and Negro parent groups, pointing out that this type

of integration was only a school situation, not a social one, and that the experience of more northern cities proved that interracial schools did not produce a large number of interracial marriages. The League also worked with Negro teachers and parents, pointing out to them the necessity of their stressing to the Negro pupil the fact that he must make every effort to be the equal or even the superior of the white child in neatness of dress, orderliness of conduct, and diligence of study, to make integration work.

Urban League professional staff members held two training conferences with high school counselors during the summer and pointed out to them that Negro pupils require no special techniques of counseling different from those white pupils require except in the field of employment. In the latter case counselors were urged to allow the youngsters to take the courses their interests and abilities dictated; not to discourage them from pursuing a certain course of study because they might meet racial discrimination in employment in that field.

The NCCJ anticipated that problems might arise among the high school student bodies, so three months before high school integration began it held a one day informal session with key students from each school on the difficulties which might develop. Each student attending was a leader in some form of activity: athletics, scholarship, music, drama, or other in his or her school. The effect of this conference was that the student leaders in each high school became personally committed to the success of the integration program and carried their fellow students with them. When the high schools opened on January 31, 1955 on an integrated basis, the white supremacists tried to disrupt the student bodies, but could make no progress because the student leaders were already in a position where their personal prestige was committed to the success of the move. Plain clothes members of the city police force were in attendance on the school grounds the first few days, but no untoward incidents occurred.

While giving credit to these educational programs, it must be recognized that by and of themselves they would not have brought about the great forward step in St. Louis alone. In any movement of social reform, education must be followed by action if progress is to be made. Before action there must be education. The work of the NCCJ would not have produced a desegregated school system alone; it took the legal action of the national office of the NAACP to complete the process. On the other hand, the integration program put into effect as a result of the NAACP's militant legal action might, in view of the example of Milford, Delaware, have failed completely if there had not been a sound human relations program conducted by the NCCJ previously. Education and action are the two sides of the civil rights coin. Neither is complete and sufficient without the other. This is something which is often forgotten by active workers in the civil rights field, and causes a great deal of unnecessary recrimination between them.

No one in St. Louis expected utopia to arrive because of the successful integration of the schools. The school population still shows characteristics of segregation because of segregation in housing. Children are not assigned to each school on the basis of residence. Of one hundred and thirty-nine elementary schools in the city system, sixty-seven contain only white students; twenty-six contain only colored students; and forty-six have members of both races in significant numbers.

Not only were Negro teachers who had tenure retained, but it was now easier for Negroes to obtain tenure. Previous to integration, it was difficult for Negroes to obtain permanent tenure because vacancies for them were scarce due to the fact they were assigned only to Negro schools. Many had to do substitute teaching for three years or more before securing a regular position. Integration has lightened the work load for Negro teachers and has increased job opportunities for them due to the fact that many Negro children were transferred from pre-

viously overcrowded Negro schools to previously under-utilized white schools. This lessened the size of classes in the former Negro schools and created new vacancies in the former white schools. At Harris Teachers College there are now thirty-five white faculty members and twenty-four Negro faculty members.

Naturally, there are still some problems to be worked out by school authorities. The NAACP states that the Board of Education made it clear to the classroom teachers there was to be no prejudice. The result was that at first there was too much glorification of the Negro student, but that soon passed. The NAACP feels that there has been a much greater degree of acceptance of the Negro child by his white classmates in the elementary schools than in the high schools because the students of an elementary school live in the same neighborhood and customarily play together after school

any way. Acceptance in the high schools is growing, but is limited because of outside social factors.

Negro students have been found to lack the same high standards of previous academic training when they enter high school that their white colleagues have attained. This is the result of an inferior elementary school education. This situation will improve drastically with the passage of time as the Negro pupils begin entering high school from integrated elementary schools.

No one expected utopia to arrive in race relations in St. Louis because of the Supreme Court decision and it hasn't. However, the school integration program can be said to be an unqualified success because it accomplished the goals it had set. St. Louis decided it was going to comply with the letter and spirit of the Supreme Court decision by integrating its schools as rapidly as it could, and it did.



Dance of the Prophets

ENRICO GLICENSTEIN

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

Between Past and Future. Essays and Studies on Aspects of Immigrant Absorption in Israel, edited by Carl Frankenstein. The Henrietta Szold Foundation for Child and Youth Welfare, Jerusalem. 355 pp. \$3.50.

This is the sort of book the mature reader likes to receive from Israel because it avoids propagandizing and over-emotionalizing. It addresses itself to the foremost social problem of Israel—the absorption of the Oriental Jewish immigrant into the total social structure of the country—and it does so with admirable clarity and scholarly detachment. It is a collection of thirteen essays by psychologists, sociologists, orientalists and social workers under the editorship of Carl Frankenstein of the School of Education, Hebrew University.

The five opening essays, by Mr. Frankenstein; Joseph Ben-David and Shmuel N. Eisenstadt—both of the Department of Sociology, Hebrew University; Shlomo D. Goitein, Dean of the Institute of Oriental Studies at the same institution; and Hagith Rieger, are the decisive theoretical contributions to the literature. Of these, in my opinion, the paper by Goitein on "Jewish Education in Yemen as an Archetype of Traditional Jewish Education" is of the highest rank and should be read first. It describes the cultural background of at least one of the immigrating Oriental communities in its old habitat and is, therefore, a prerequisite for the understanding of the complicated patterns of transformation and adjustment which occur after transplantation into the new habitat. This article is a classic in the field of Jewish ethnology. I would suggest, secondly, that the reader who is not a social scientist examine Rieger's

paper, "Some Aspects of the Acculturation of Yeminite Youth Immigrants," not so much because it is intrinsically more valuable than the other major papers, but because it is more descriptive of a concrete situation. The same, of course, is true of some of the later papers in the volume, such as Fanny Raphael's story of "Rosh Ha'ayin: The Development of an Immigrant Settlement," and the papers dealing with the specific problems of Youth Aliya. They are non-theoretical and therefore easier to comprehend.

The three opening papers by Frankenstein, Ben-David and Eisenstadt are the core of the entire volume and most impressive examples of the high degree of social scholarship existing in Israel. At the same time, they are very abbreviated statements of exceedingly complex social relationships and therefore couched in highly abstract language. The student of the social sciences, however, will find precisely these three papers the most challenging. Frankenstein approaches the problem of acculturation as a psychologist, Eisenstadt as a sociologist. Accordingly, Frankenstein deals in his paper on "The Problem of Ethnic Differences in the Absorption of Immigrants" chiefly with personality adjustment, while Eisenstadt in his paper on "The Process of Absorption of Immigrants in Israel" deals primarily with group relations. Yet Frankenstein makes a convincing plea for the necessity of understanding social conduct as determined by group forces, if only in order to assist more genuinely in the education of the individual. Eisenstadt, dealing with types and conditions of institutionalization in a changing environment, never fails to connect these types and conditions with the role expectations of individuals. He appraises the diffi-

culties resulting from the fact that the old type of collective primary group participation is now tending to recede in favor of a more formalized and bureaucratic structure. He acknowledges the positive value of what he calls "sub-collective activities" among specifically cohesive groups of immigrants.

Not so Ben-David, Eisenstadt's colleague. His paper on "Ethnic Differences or Social Change?" poses the problem much too pointedly even in its title. To recognize the fact that profound social change occurs within ethnic or cultural sub-groups does not imply that such sub-groups do not exist as distinct entities. Ben-David ignores this distinctness to the degree that he fails to comprehend the desired emergence of the unified national-cultural society in Israel as depending on mutual adjustment. Only at the price of serious internal strain can there be such a thing as a one-way street of "absorption." To put it succinctly, the absorbers must not become the imposers. The old settlers must know how to appreciate the values of the new immigrants to the same degree to which the immigrants must learn the ways of the older inhabitants of the land. Otherwise, "the deliberate education of cultural élites," which Ben-David advocates, will merely serve to separate the élite of the Oriental communities from their masses and frustrate even the best of the élite themselves.

The serious reader, who must delve into all this, will have to reach his own conclusions. He should know, however, that the essays of *Between Past and Future* sound more theoretical than they are. In the language of the scholar, they express the concern of the patriot. The truth of the matter is that the European Jews in Israel are in a hurry. Rudely or subtly, consciously or unconsciously, they want to fashion the Oriental Jews in their image before the greater numbers of the newcomers have had a chance to make their weight felt. But such imposed education carries with it the threat of social disintegration. Assistance in self-development requires more patience, but it holds out the promise of a more harmonious development.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

The Colored Quarter, by M. P. Banton. London—Cape. 254 pp. \$2.50.

The British have sometimes been admired for their tolerance toward colored people. Allegedly there was no Jim Crow in the United Kingdom. Why? Was it because there were only a few Negroes in the country? One might be inclined to answer this question in the affirmative.

In the postwar period, Negroes from British colonial possessions in the West Indies and West Africa began a heavy exodus toward the opportunities of the Mother Country. As soon as a noticeable batch of them landed, do-gooders started to worry about the difficulties these immigrants might create. Colored people are all right if kept where they "belong"—this, somehow, seemed to be the core of Victorian tolerance.

Mr. Banton portrays a group of West Indians and West Africans living in a repulsive slumdom, supporting a dubious service trade of public houses, cafes and places of amusement, living from job to job. These people are convinced that every difficulty is the result of discrimination. Their wives, legal or otherwise, seem to be among the most wretched neurotics that modern Britain has produced.

The waterfront Harlems are the worst; this is a population in perpetual transit toward better material conditions and a higher degree of integration. But even the most successful have to return occasionally for emotional ammunition. The colored slum is the only place where they can relax and forget the strains of everyday life among a white majority, a majority which ceaselessly reminds them that they are of a different, if not inferior, species.

Some colored immigrants make a resolute effort to adapt themselves and become assimilated. Some have marketable skills or marry into tolerant English families and succeed. Most have difficulty in assimilating. A large proportion of them is settling down in solid, indigestible lumps on the margin of British society. They live with and for each other, developing a tradition of hatred and contempt for the white population's hypocrisy and hostility. They are convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that officialdom, even at its most paternal, is animated mainly by malice and color prejudice.

The tragedy is that there is little evidence of the creative resilience traditional among Huguenots and Jewish ghettos. On the contrary, it appears that the walls of the ghetto are growing higher and more impenetrable. The customs of these people are at tremendous variance with the rest of the population. The differences are being maintained by perpetual refueling from new immigrants. The fact that these Harlems serve as dumping grounds for "white trash" does not make for any better adjustment.

However, Mr. Banton is not a congenital pessimist. It is his hope that a pattern of toleration will develop and that a social climbing ladder will be built. Time's spotlight will show colored women and men of stature who command the general respect. Mr. Banton warns, however, that many additional ugly passions will inevitably be roused. To Negro and white these passions are a vestige of the theory of the "white man's burden." In the white man's fight for community, he continues, more than British diplomacy and the United States Bill of Rights will be needed. Mere tolerance will not do. There is need for devoted love and understanding. Legislated morality will not pull down the invisible walls of the psychological ghettos behind which most colored people still live.

FRANK MEISSNER

Hugh Roy Cullen, a Story of American Opportunity, by Ed Kilman and Theon Wright. Prentice-Hall. 376 pp. \$4.00.

Hugh Roy Cullen, a Story of American Opportunity could have been a fascinating book. Mr. Cullen was a poor Texas boy who struck oil and became one of the wealthiest men in the United States if not in the world. His Cullen Foundation is the third largest foundation in the country (after Ford and Rockefeller) though it must spend its funds only in Texas.

There were many facets of Mr. Cullen's career suggesting material for an exciting Horatio Alger type story, but, somehow, the material falls flat on its face and what comes out is a rather boring tale, clichéd and over-heavy with a kind of Bible-belt compulsiveness in its tendency to protest that Mr. Cullen is against sin.

The reader is subjected to a massive

amount of detail concerning business deals, dispensation of charity and donations to institutions, and there is so much about oil in the book one can almost taste it. The chapter titles are embarrassing—"I'd as soon trust Roy Cullen as I would my bank," "I had faith in people and myself," "I'm going to give Memorial Hospital a little over a million dollars," "I have fought for nineteen years to save our form of government," "I'm not and never have been a candidate for anything." At least the reader is warned in advance about what is in store for him!

"Never give an insult, Roy, and never take one," is the advice which Mr. Cullen's mother gave him, and the reader is never permitted to forget it. Fine advice, undoubtedly, but is it not rather more applicable to an earlier different period in our history? It suggests a kind of frontiersman psychology, and while it may suit the personal temperament of Mr. Cullen, it seems an odd homily on which to place so much reliance in an age when diplomacy and careful negotiation are the necessary requisites for existence in a world so heterogeneous and complex.

Mr. Cullen is truly of another age. One cannot be angry with him for being an anomaly, a man who is built out of the rough stuff of an earlier century of empire builders, using his vast powers to try to make his own rules when the rules have already been set. An *imperium in imperio* all ensconced in his own White House in the great state of Texas, he is an antideluvian set to do battle with the world and its encroachments on his own narrow little dogmas. He sniffs out any threats to what he interprets to be our freedom, and like the powerful giant he is he takes arms against a sea of foes with an almost paranoiac drive. He has allies, the Shivers, John Flynn, Clarence Manions and Joe McCarthys (though, oddly enough, no mention is made in this book of Joe McCarthy whom Mr. Cullen so admires), who share his nightmares and compulsions.

His frenetic efforts to attack the issues confronting Texas and the nation would be more "interesting" to observe if the public were not so intimately involved. Mr. Cullen owned the controlling shares in Liberty network and has been able to command indirectly and directly more channels of public

opinion than are reasonably commensurate with his capacity for leadership.

President Eisenhower and many important political leaders of our country are on the constant receiving end of Mr. Cullen's xenophobic advice (he evidently fancies himself to be the Baruch of the Southwest, but as he hates the "Wall Street Crowd" so fiercely, he would not be apt to consider this a compliment). How much the President, Harold Stassen, Joseph Martin and other intimates of Mr. Cullen accept of his counsel is a moot question, but that he is in a position to hand it out is a fact.

Mr. Cullen's attitude toward the solution of human relations problems as it is reflected in this biography tend to be absurd and archaic. His answer to an invitation to attend a meeting of the National Conference of Christians and Jews was "replying to your letter I wish to say that I have always been opposed to the 'get-together' of Christians and Jews, for the reason that I don't know of anyone who has separated them. The way I feel, Jews, Baptists, Catholics, Methodists and Episcopalians are all together to start with, and you don't have to have a meeting to get them together. If any Jews or Christians are apart, it is of their own making . . ."

It is difficult to identify sympathetically with Mr. Cullen, though one grieves with him over the tragic untimely loss of his only son and respects him for those simple virtues which he professes, but certainly, it would be too much to ask of anyone *mens sana in corpore sano* to accept the picture of Mr. Cullen as a great American leader, a portrait which his biographers have failed dismally to convey.

MIRIAM LEVY

The Changelings, by Jo Sinclair. McGraw-Hill. 323 pp. \$3.75.

In some ways this is Miss Sinclair's most deeply-felt book, while in other ways it is perhaps her most disappointing. Here she reveals a warmth and a sympathy and a pity for, and an understanding of, Jews and Jewish folkways in general and for the Jews of the Cleveland, Ohio, neighborhood, that had been missing in her previous two novels. In her earlier writings her attitude toward the Jewish world appeared to be more intellectual than emotional, at least by comparison to her involvement with the Jewish

world in her present volume. Here she writes out of a deep attachment and an intense love for the poultry store man and the worrying and struggling Jew with the weak heart and the vague culture lovers, both male and female. She knows them all, down to their chromosomes.

But, alas, she doesn't seem to be able to make an integrated novel out of her knowledge—at least out of the subject matter she has chosen to fictionize. That subject matter is central to modern Jewish-American life, indeed, to American life in general: the social and sociological conflicts among American minorities. In *The Changelings* this struggle concerns a white neighborhood that is "threatened" with "invasion" by the Schwartzes. As one of the characters says: "It is an American habit. For years a neighborhood is peaceful, pretty well kept. Then, overnight, the Black Ones start hammering to get in. They want it! No matter where you move: in ten years, in fifteen years, they're here again! . . . And all the while, more of the Black Ones sneak in."

The chief, unifying character in the book is Judith Vincent, a sensitive Jewish girl of twelve, who notices what is going on and is bewildered by it, and who is taught to see the light of decency—to see it, dramatically and in all its poignancy, that is—through her growing friendship with Clara, a colored girl, who is equally sensitive but appears to be more hardened to the plight of her minority group. It is unnecessary to say on what side of the issue Miss Sinclair is—she has always been on the side of decent social relations—but it is one thing to be, so to speak, editorially right and another thing to be artistically effective. *The Changelings* has some moving passages and excellent conversation, but the characters are not fully conceived, because the author seems to be more eager to transmit a message than to portray people. There is nothing wrong about wanting to deliver a message, but it must emerge naturally from characters and situations. A message that is imposed, however honorable it is, nearly always tends to keep a work of art on an inferior level. And that is a pity in this case, for Miss Sinclair, in some respects, reveals an insight that is even more impressive than that she revealed in *Wasteland*.

CHARLES ANGOFF

The New Dimensions of Peace, by Chester Bowles. Harper & Brothers. 386 pp. \$4.50.

It is generally acknowledged that Chester Bowles did an extremely competent job as our Ambassador to India. The former Governor of Connecticut demonstrated that unlike some of our Ambassadors he had the sensitivity to understand the aspirations of the people to whom he was accredited.

In this important book Governor Bowles demonstrates that sympathetic understanding and grasp of the colonial problem which stood him in such good stead at New Delhi. He examines our foreign policy in the light of what he chooses to call the new dimensions of peace—the revolutionary forces surging to the surface in a world where as a military stalemate becomes a reality, “the focus will no longer be concentrated on the Kremlin and containing Communism, but on the affirmative and staggering task of achieving productive and meaningful freedom in the rest of the world.”

To meet this challenge Bowles argues, we must rediscover our American heritage. We have forgotten that the American Revolution was the modern world's first successful revolt of a colony against an imperial power. Everywhere in Asia the old order is disintegrating. The giant that is Africa is stirring. We must be prepared to offer to these vast millions who are breaking, or have already broken the bonds of colonialism, more than a sterile, negative communism, if we are to win the battle for the minds and hearts of men.

Bowles is aware that thermonuclear weapons alone, are not enough to keep Asia and Africa out of the Soviet sphere. He advocates a realistic program of economic aid and development on a massive scale, recognizing that economic progress must parallel progress towards political freedom, if political freedom is to have a real meaning for those who have obtained it. Above all, the author reminds us, the colonial peoples thirst for our sympathy, understanding and encouragement. The slogans of the American Revolution reverberate throughout Asia and Africa. Nehru, U Nu and many of the other leaders of Asia and Africa “often speak the language of Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson.” Thus Burma's premier, U Nu stated

that the ideals of the American Revolution are more explosive than “B-52's or even atomic bombs. In all parts of the world where man lives under tyranny, or under foreign domination, or in feudal bondage, those who dream and plot and fight for freedom do so in the name of the eternal principles for which your Revolution was fought.”

As an aid to the understanding of the dynamics of the anti-colonial revolution, the author briefly sketches the origin and development of the Russian, Chinese and American Revolutions, India's emergence as an independent nation and the situation in Africa today. Bowles is at his best when he discusses India. Obviously this is the country he knows and understands best. To those Americans who find India's “neutralist” position disturbing, and an enigma, the chapters on India will be illuminating.

This book was published shortly after the summit conference at Geneva. As such it reflects the author's guarded optimism that we may be taking leave of the cold war and entering an era of “competitive coexistence.” With the advantage of hindsight one might comment that the summit meeting has not fulfilled all the high hopes it raised. But undeniably Geneva did lessen considerably the danger of a thermonuclear conflict, and it would seem that Governor Bowles' premise that “competitive coexistence” may be upon us is sound.

Regardless of which political party wins the 1956 election here, one could hope that the next Secretary of State would consider carefully the contents of this book. Perhaps then the fictions, illusions and misconceptions upon which our Far East and Middle Eastern policy has been based will give way to a policy which will recognize that the “attention and sympathy of the great jury of the uncommitted world” will not be ours unless our deeds match the promise inherent in the American tradition.

LEONARD L. LEON

My Friend Ike, by Marty Snyder with Glenn D. Kittler. Frederick Fell, Inc. 237 pp. \$3.50.

No one knows a man better than his valet, and the same might be said for a general's mess sergeant. The difference in the case of Marty Snyder, Dwight D. Eisen-

hower's mess sergeant, is that the general was and remained a hero to his cook.

It was cooking that brought them together in 1941, when Marty was drafted from the kitchen of a Miami Beach hotel to another kitchen at Camp Beauregard. Lt. Col. Eisenhower, as chief of staff, came to inspect the mess tent. The sergeant discovered the chief's appreciation for good food, and also his easy way with his men and his sense of proportion as to what was essential in feeding an army. Marty decided then and there that he wanted to work directly for Eisenhower. He has been doing it, in one way or another, ever since.

The war, which broke out soon after their meeting, took Snyder first to Gen. Hartle's headquarters in London and eventually, to Gen. Eisenhower's staff. A fine, back-stage friendship developed between the general and his mess sergeant in long talks over midnight coffee and other "at ease" situations.

Marty Snyder says that he was one of the first (if not the first) person to conceive the idea of Eisenhower as President of the United States. He talked the proposition over with his hero on repeated occasions, but always Eisenhower responded, "I don't want any part of politics." Later, in conversations at Morningside Heights, when the General was president of Columbia University, Marty got an idea that Ike could be drafted, not by a political party, but by the people themselves.

By 1948 there were some others in the country who had the same idea, and interest fluttered up. Snyder abandoned his business in New York and went to the Philadelphia conventions as a layman to campaign for Ike's nomination. He made a lot of noise, but that was about the total result. Ike wasn't a machine politician, and the machines wanted no part of him.

The Korean war and Eisenhower's administration of NATO changed the picture for the next election. The people were ready to demand Eisenhower's nomination. Snyder tells of his own part in organizing the Madison Square Garden demonstration, his adventures at the Chicago convention, and his barnstorming during the campaign.

There is a great deal of affection in this narrative, and warm, folksy human interest. Marty Snyder's hero is a very real and lov-

able person, who comes through as a great man, whether or not the reader agrees with his politics. And no one can deny the truth of the wording in the dedication of the book: "To the United States of America where the President and the Mess Sergeant can be friends—and are."

OLIVE CARRUTHERS

The View from Pompey's Head, by Hamilton Basso. Doubleday. 409 pp. \$3.95.

It is a pleasure to recommend this new novel by Hamilton Basso. Unlike most current fiction, it is notable both for its literary maturity and fictional appeal. A novel of the South by a Southerner, it stands out among other novels of this region by lacking either the tortured obfuscation of some or the acrid and perverse naturalism of others. It is primarily a good story well told, distinguished by an engaging directness and persuasive insight.

The novel concerns an aging Southern novelist, Garvin Wales, a writer of best sellers who has gone blind and who was being completely dominated by his warped and embittered wife. On discovering that her husband's late editor and best friend had through the years taken sums of money from her husband's royalties, she threatens court action. Nor would she permit anyone to see her husband. The New York publisher, anxious to avoid public scandal and yet certain of the honesty of his late editor, persuades his lawyer to seek a meeting with the novelist in his island retreat—which happens to be near the lawyer's own home town—in order to ascertain the truth and arrive at some settlement of the matter.

Although Anson Page, the lawyer, had been living in New York for the past fifteen years, his roots remained deep in the town of his birth. On his way there memories crowd his consciousness; incident after incident unfold themselves in his mind's eye—reviving the joys and sorrows of childhood, and also revealing the social rigidity and false values characterizing his native environment. Aided by his acquired objectivity, he perceives that ancestor worship moulded the life and philosophy of his fellow Southerners. "Its principal effect . . . has been to produce that enervated, run-down condition that is commonly known as Southern gentility."

A significant instance of this "gentility" was the rift between the elder Mr. Page and a Mr. Pettibone, one of the town's leading citizens, over the latter's mistreatment of a Negro. The colored man was shiftless and a free drinker, but Mr. Page, having known him from boyhood, considered it his duty to look after him. When the Negro, sweeping the side-walk, unwittingly whisked some dust in front of Mr. Pettibone, the latter pushed the Negro so that he lost his balance, fell through a plate glass window, and eventually lost an arm. Mr. Page, an innately decent man and unprejudiced by the town's mores, felt that Mr. Pettibone should at least pay the Negro's medical expenses. This Mr. Pettibone refused to do. He was acting according to the town's unspoken agreement that a white person of his distinction could do no wrong in relation to a shiftless Negro. By urging payment and by financing the consequent court action Mr. Page had violated the town's mores and thereby made himself a social outcast.

Little by little, step by step, Mr. Basso dissects the social life of the town, both past and present—disclosing with a nostalgic gentleness, yet with a cutting irony, the mental characteristics and the behavior of its inhabitants. And the picture that emerges, while hardly pretty, is so vivid in its detail and so realistically conceived that one is persuaded of its authenticity. One feels that Mr. Basso wrote the novel from the heart, giving the reader a truly imagined story and a host of characters throbbing with the pulse of life. Even the surprise ending, which on reflection is really no surprise, is in keeping with the main theme of the novel. In this book Mr. Basso has placed himself alongside the best of contemporary novelists.

CHARLES A. MADISON

Hawaii's People, by Andrew W. Lind. University of Hawaii Press. 116 pp. \$2.75.

A land of many different peoples, Hawaii has been called a racial paradise, and "the melting-pot of the Pacific." Essentially, this book examines the truth or falsity of these beliefs with the aid of population statistics and sociological insight.

The author is a competent authority on Hawaii's race relations and population problems. He discusses these especially for the

period after 1898, or since Hawaii became a territory of the United States. He also selects major influences in the earlier period following 1778, when Captain Cook discovered the islands.

Important factors contributing to the Hawaii of today include: geographic isolation; U.S. missionary activities beginning about 1820; plantation agriculture introduced about 1850; U.S. political and military values, significant from about 1920 on; tourist trade expansion.

A hundred years ago, Hawaii's population was still predominantly Polynesian, although this element had tragically declined. During the first 70 years of contact with the western world, Hawaii's native population was reduced by more than 75 percent. The islands' labor supply became inadequate for demands of new plantation promoters; moreover, the islanders were reluctant to work for foreign planters who offered them long hours of hard labor for satisfactions they could easily obtain at home. These two factors combined to set in motion a major force in Hawaiian life: the mass importation of foreign labor. During the past century, more than 400,000 persons came to Hawaii from all parts of the earth. The Japanese laborers came in largest number (180,000), along with Filipinos, Chinese, Portuguese, Koreans, Puerto Ricans, Spaniards, Germans, Russians, and others. "Considerations of cost, labor efficiency, availability, tractability, and political expediency were chiefly responsible for the particular selection of the ethnic group," says the author.

These newcomers found an already established pattern of racial tolerance. The earlier settlers, missionaries, traders and sailors had, with the native Hawaiian, balanced the exchange of goods and services, skills and supplies, to their mutual benefit, "uninfluenced by considerations of skin color or cultural values."

Today, Hawaii reflects this earlier pattern. Inter-marriage, and the breaking-down of diverse cultural barriers have produced a new set of values for the 500,000 islanders. More recent influences of U.S. armed forces, and the attitude of tourists have yet to be calculated as they affect racial attitudes in Hawaii. Political and military expediency in U.S. mainland policies towards the islands are other significant considerations. "The

critical factor in the appraisal of the Hawaiian scene . . . is the perspective with which the observer approaches his task." The U.S. mainlander will find Hawaii a racial paradise or a racial melange, depending on his personal values and biases.

MAXINE W. GORDON

Jesus, Pilate and Paul, by G. George Fox. Isaacs & Company. 159 pp. \$2.75.

This book is based upon an earlier study by the author which was entitled *The Jews, Jesus and Christ*, a volume which evidently sought to interpret the trial of Jesus under Pontius Pilate. It is a source of gratification to this reviewer that the editor of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM invited him to write this comment on the work of a friend and colleague in the field of Biblical studies in the Chicago area, where we have long been associated as fellow members of the Chicago Society of Biblical Research. Dr. Fox has ably and consistently championed the cause of inter-faith understanding between Christians and Jews. The present work, while valuable for academic reasons as a study in an area of New Testament research, is consciously and successfully a contribution to such understanding.

The plan of the book is simple: an opening section deals with Jesus' teachings in a world of Judaism in Palestine which was continually agitated by the hope of deliverance from the tyrannical Romans. Many Messiahs claimed to be able to fulfill this hope. As a result Jesus received little notice from his contemporaries. His claim to be a Messiah was rejected because his conception of that office failed to harmonize with popular expectations. Then appears a consideration of the crucifixion. He had angered Sadducean sycophants of the Romans; he had committed himself to the role of Messiah and deliverer; and the web of circumstances in which he was caught proved to be irrevocable. He had to go on and thus faced the cross. The "illegal" Sadducean court handed him over to Pilate, who, far from yielding passively to the clamor of a Jewish mob, pursued consistently his ruthless and tyrannical policy toward the Jews and ordered Jesus crucified. Evidence as to the character of Pilate is gathered from Josephus and Philo of Alexandria to show that Pilate was a cruel and dictatorial self-

serving Roman ruler. It is clearly anti-Jewish sentiment in the early church which interpreted the events reported in the gospels to give the impression that the Jews were responsible for the death of Jesus.

Paul's experience on the Damascus road, coupled with his intimate knowledge of the Greek mysteries absorbed while he was a resident of Tarsus, served to accentuate the anti-Jewish bias which was driving a wedge between Judaism and its daughter, the Christian movement. The emphasis that Paul made upon life after death and especially upon Jesus Christ as divine, represent an innovation when compared with the teachings of the Man of Nazareth. They also effectually and fully divorced Judaism and Christianity. The strong and consistent monotheism of the former could never accept the trinitarianism of the latter, for which Paul was largely responsible.

While the reviewer would question certain evidences of possible over-simplification in this book, such as the insistence upon the powerful influence exerted upon Paul by the mystery religions, or the great contrast between Paul and Jesus, as well as other less important matters, he appreciates and approves the author's effort to eradicate from the minds of Christian people the embittering thought as to Jewish responsibility for the death of Jesus. With many Christian scholars, he recognizes the complex forces which contributed to the crucifixion and the tendency of New Testament writers to distort history for the sake of a viewpoint. The author's profound appreciation of Jesus as the teacher and practitioner of love is gratefully noted. This book is for Christians and Jews alike.

OTTO J. BAAB

Himmler: The Evil Genius of the Third Reich, by Willi Frischauer. The Beacon Press. \$3.75.

Author of a biography on Goering, Willi Frischauer undertook a similar task of reconstructing the full Himmler story on the basis of the Nuremberg Trial Documents, both party and concentration camps literature, as well as otherwise little known materials and interviews, i.e., with relatives and former SS generals, reluctant as they were lest they be implicated in the Nazi atrocities.

Himmler, a poor representative of his

fetish of "purely Aryan descent," his family lines only reaching to the late 18th century, grew up in comfortable circumstances, that is in an overstuffed apartment, typical of the era, filled with bric-a-brac—a rigid world of social conventions in which ultimately things appeared to be more important than human beings. Subservient respect for above and contempt for below, were apparently early implanted in him, his father having been tutor to a Royal Bavarian prince, and after a period as a high school teacher in Munich, head of a high school in Landshut where young Himmler acted as a "notorious informer." We would have liked to learn more about this headmaster, and whether he fitted into the authority-wielding portrait of the high school teacher of Imperial Germany so ominously presented in Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks." It seems that rising "nationalism" in the early fifties was too inauspicious to get the full story. In the early postwar years there appeared in the *New York Times* a brief note revealing the students' hatred of the informer son by playing a trick on him once by plunging him head down into a garbage can. This youthful humiliation might offer a clue for his becoming, in a multi-millionfold revenge, the unmatched super sadist. The images of his soldier-adventurer grandfather, of the historical past, and of the Teutonic myths—early instilled in him by his father—spurred the ideals of wars, battles and conquests. He enlisted as an ensign during World War I, when still not of age. His pursuit of a professional career, following agricultural studies, was only a brief interlude; having lost his first and only civilian job because of the inflation, after one year of idleness, he joined the reestablished Nazi Party in Landshut, in 1925.

During his early party years he associated with Alfred Rosenberg and Walter Darre while they were developing their pseudo-"philosophical" ideas on race, blood and soil (which blended with his own one-sided conceptions of history) for forming a framework of rigid fixations. Darre, Himmler's fellow agriculturist, drew from them a practical inference, that of raising in the SS of which Himmler had become deputy chief a "purely Aryan" stock: in addition to the groundwork of fixations the instrument for implementing them was created. Himmler's

early close contact with these influential representatives of Nazi racism and misconstrued historical metaphors proved to be decisive. Far from his being merely the subservient executor of Hitler's directives this set of fixations became the motor force for his becoming the master mind and final executor in bringing them to their ultimately destructive conclusion in the liquidation of six million Jews. A vaster scheme, the elimination of five times that number of Slavs, after some beginnings in that direction, was forestalled by the strides of history.

The sinister part the SS and the Gestapo had in breaking any opposition to Hitler's expansionist and war plans by eliminating, early in 1938, the leading generals from their posts, as well as by simulating, in 1939, the Polish border incident, and thus starting the war, is well exposed. From the Jewish point of view these actions were inescapably interlocked with the doom of the six millions. War mania, the unsatiable drive for conquest, and race mania proved to be definitely interlinked. The dominant role of Heydrich, far cleverer than Himmler, from 1931 until his assassination in 1942 as well as that of the "expert" on Jewish matters, Palestine-born and educated Karl Eichmann, who disappeared early in 1945 are brought into full perspective. Information on re-emerging former Himmler aides might well be taken as a warning to be heeded.

TONI OELSNER

The Strong Hand, by Michael Blankfort. Little, Brown. 317 pp. \$3.75.

Michael Blankfort, whose novel on Israel, *The Juggler*, won critical acclaim in the United States and was translated into film form, has now written a more daring, provocative work of fiction than *The Juggler* or, for that matter, most Jewish novels of recent years. He has elected to choose as his hero a young American Jewish Orthodox rabbi, in love with an assimilated Jewess very much like a notable *Life* photographer, worldly, famous, experienced. Obviously the *Life* photographer is only the inspiration of Katy Waterman of *The Strong Hand*, for Mr. Blankfort's Katy, unlike Margaret Bourke-White of *Life*, fell in love with a rabbi of Orthodox persuasion. The rabbi, Leo Berdick, expounds the Orthodox "line" through-

out the novel, although the narrator, a Hollywood writer suspiciously like Mr. Blankfort himself, explains and clarifies dozens of Jewish religious concepts, and thereby gives the reader, whoever he may be, a running commentary on Judaism as practiced by the pious American Jew. Interwoven with the major plot is a secondary one which treats the problem of the fellow-traveler in Hollywood and the complex crises facing the Communist producer in film-land—all interesting but somewhat irrelevant to the main theme.

Katy and Leo have an intense but brief affair, which does not end in marriage because Katy is not prepared, in her own mind, to become an Orthodox rebbitsn. She can scarcely be blamed for she knows practically nothing of Judaism; she happens only to love an Orthodox rabbi. There are hurdles and obstacles to overcome—as there are in many well-plotted, fast-moving contemporary novels—and then the young couple decide to inarry. Meanwhile, however, Katy, on the rebound, had married a fier who has been shot down during the war. Before Leo Berdick can permit himself to wed the photographer, he must be convinced that the fier-husband, missing in action, is truly dead.

This is where the trouble starts. Proof cannot be found. In the face of implacable Jewish Law, which disallows marriage between a man and an *agunah* ("chained," or deserted wife), Leo Berdick is helpless, if he is to remain faithful to the tenets of Orthodoxy. Katy, to whom it is all puzzling, mysterious and unnecessary, can do nothing unless Leo acts. What he does—and doesn't do—is Mr. Blankfort's story and should not be revealed here.

Yet *The Strong Hand*, readable and breathlessly exciting as it is, has an importance beyond that of the usual novel of Jewish interest. Michael Blankfort, a successful Hollywood script writer, and more recently, active in Jewish organizational life in California, has taken a stand in Jewish life: it is on the side of ritual and tradition. "The strong hand" of the Law, he says, is a heavy hand, but can we, without peril to ourselves as Jews, thrust it off our shoulders? That is the question he poses—and answers.

Throughout the novel there appear characters, crises, problems, intuitions that I have seen nowhere else in a Jewish novel.

Mr. Blankfort knows not only the answers in his own heart, but also how to pose the crucial questions that thrust at all our hearts. Whether our response differs from his or is like it is less important than that, finally, we have here a novelist who has dared to write not only warmly and affirmatively about American Jews (some others have done this, too), but has introduced religious questions of modern import. His Jews are not the immigrants of fifty years ago, or the tortured intellectuals of the 'thirties (although bits and pieces of them are here, too). They are today's Jews who move to the suburbs, send their children to parochial schools, Hebrew-speaking camps and theological seminaries.

The Strong Hand is thoughtful, affirmative, original, piercing and continuously interesting. Mr. Blankfort, who wrote an essay called "The Education of a Jew" (reprinted in this reviewer's anthology *Mid-Century*) has emerged as a major Jewish novelist. We should welcome him with open arms.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

The Wilson Reader, edited by Frances Farmer. Oceana Publications. 286 pp. Paper Edition, \$1.00, Clothbound, \$3.50.

This is Woodrow Wilson's year—the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and there is keen rivalry among scholars, writers, politicians, and statesmen to do him justice. Articles and books revive the memories of his great works and if he could read the eulogies today he would see his life fulfilled. Wilson, as an historian, trusted the verdict of history and history is already giving to him his proper place.

The Wilson Reader is a useful book in this day of revival of the Wilson ideals. It is not a long book; it is not a complete book; but it gives just about what people need to know as a minimum regarding the life, character, personality, leadership and statesmanship of one of the most valued leaders of America.

The book is composed of three parts. A brief—and good—biography, a series of articles by scholars and statesmen who knew him, and a fine collection of his writings from early letters of college days to the last, faltering, but moving address from his front porch on Armistice Day in 1923. Wilson's letters and speeches fill scores of volumes.

All of them are worth reading, for Wilson always wrote at his best. But few have the time to read at length in this great reservoir of learning however rewarding it might be.

In this day when our people have caught up with Wilson's ideals of international concert and the nations have reincarnated The League of Nations in the United Nations, it is good for Americans to review again the life and deeds of the founder.

We should not, however, limit our view to international affairs and overlook the contributions which Wilson made to domestic reforms. Let it be remembered that never in four years was so much accomplished of lasting value to our country as in the first four years of Wilson's Presidency.

JOHN A. LAPP

The Power of Dynamic Faith, by Esther Fire. Rainbow Publishing Company. 191 pp. \$2.95.

Written by a woman who has known much of the tragedy and sorrow of existence in our war-torn world, who suffered through war and deprivation in Europe before coming to this country, the chapters in this little volume are a testimony to the faith which arose in her and by which she learned to conquer evil, fear, and despair. For this reason alone, the book merits thoughtful reading and reflection. There is, of course, a still more important reason—the fact that multitudes are living in the same kind of world in which she lived, even though the war that is being fought is no longer openly violent, being rather a war of the spirit, of nerves, and of morale. Men may well follow her formula for peace within, and give heed to what she has written.

The brief chapters cover such themes as "Sweeping Out Negations," "The Power of Attention," "The Power of Harmony," "Your Inner Peace," "Self Conquest," and related subjects. Each theme is analyzed, instructions for applying it are then given, and stories are often presented to illuminate the author's meaning. Undergirding the book is the writer's faith, which is strongly oriented toward the Bible, as her discussion reveals. The deep sincerity of the book and its relevance to the frustrations of our day, as well as its useful organization of material for regular personal use, commend it highly to this reviewer.

OTTO J. BAAB

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7519 N. Ashland, Chicago 26, Ill.

Out Went the Candle, by Harvey Swados. Viking. 374 pp. \$3.95.

Harvey Swados' first novel is an unflinching mirror: gazing into these pages you see your own face (complete with five o'clock beard), the faces of your friends, your wife's ironing board, and the box of Kleenex on the dresser. It is all very real but it has nothing to do with art; at the turning of your back, the image disappears to be replaced by new images of street or office.

Which is to say that Swados' virtue is in not blinking at facts. Unreflecting, he reflects, and if it's document you want, here it is to the last label on the last jar of cold cream. Swados convinces us that he writes only what he knows and there are scenes of stunning documentary power. But rarely are these materials fused into a work of art; there is no transforming magic at work here; no breaking through the fact-barrier into the world of imagination.

Herman Felton rises from small-time in the garment district to big-time in Washington during World War II. But Herman—the Jewish-American Icarus, does not rise only on the up-currents of war-contracting; he ascends also on his own nerve, ruthlessness, and hard work; and though his unorthodox means of levitation inevitably melt when the legal heat is turned on, one feels sick to see him plummet. Swados is to be credited with a genuine achievement in arousing your sympathy for the suffering man hidden beneath the dog-eats-dog exterior of Herman Felton, beneath the cheap armor of his Yiddish-American platitudes, the schizoid ethics which see no contradiction in dishonest profiteering and honest war against Hitler.

Herman lives in suburban New Jersey, and in the intervals between his big deals, rushes home to make love to his slothful bon-bon-eating wife. Although this may prove Herman's virility to himself, it nauseates his lovely daughter Betsy, to whom Herman is attached with that slightly gamey, vaguely incestuous attachment that is *de rigueur* in all father-daughter relationships of current American fiction. Swados sets his Freudian triggers with clumsy care—ranging from Betsy's early thumb-sucking to a scene in which Papa accidentally on purpose walks

into daughter's bedroom to see her sitting up in beautiful nude surprise.

While still at college, Betsy rebels against her empty family by taking up with a ne'er-do-well who is, at the crucial moment, to drunk to accomplish the moral and physical defloration that the girl longs for. For the rest of the book, and to the reader's increasing distaste and disbelief, Betsy makes up for this initial failure. According to Swados, Betsy can't help herself because she love-hates Papa, and so she must slide down the hill of nymphomania through a series of marriages and sex bouts to Reichian analysis in an orgone box.

If Herman Felton is Power, and Betsy is Sex, then Morrow, the son, third member of this triangle, represents the groping toward an Ideal. Morrow hates his father, with his success, his values, his mass-patterned garment district clichés, and goes on from there to hate all father-images whether they be School or State or Army. But when at the end, the beaten Felton hides away in Trinidad from the threat of a jail sentence, the son returns to help him, as earlier, Herman had braved the dangers of a war-time transatlantic crossing in an explosives-laden Liberty ship to aid his son threatened with court-martial. The father had forsaken his business to save an estranged son; the son forsakes his Ideal—running immigrants into Israel through the British blockade—to save his estranged father. Swados is saying that in the long pull love—family love—is mightier than any ideals, true or false.

For the main theme—a favorite with novelists since Stendhal started the game—is *épater la bourgeoisie*. The irony is that most novelists, like most social revolutionaries, have grown from the very class they despise: Flaubert, Kafka, Sinclair Lewis—each in their several ways dip their pens in gall which was once the milk they suckled. And not infrequently the gall is still milky with memory: there is an ambiguity in the hatred. Morrow might have been the son of Arthur Miller's salesman, or one of *All My Sons*, and Betsy's relationship to her Daddy is exactly the same (incest motif, nymphomania and all) as William Styron's heroine in *Lie Down in Darkness*. Nor is the similarity of symbolism in both titles accidental. It's a gloomy time.

Certainly Swados is not to be condemned

for having assayed a familiar theme. He is ambitious and intelligent, he possesses know-how and compassion; he is capable of swift, if surface, characterizations. He is one of that school which believes that happenings on paper are not fundamentally different from happenings in the street; the novel is a vehicle for getting down more streets. But if that is all it is, if it is simply more life-experience instead of a different kind of experience, why bother reading novels?

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

The History of Israel, by Giuseppe Ricciotti. Translated by Clement della Penta and Richard T. A. Murphy. The Bruce Publishing Company. Volume one, 430 pp. Volume two, 476 pp. Boxed. \$15.00.

This is an English translation of a well known work on the history of Israel, written in Italian by a catholic scholar and translated into a number of western languages. The first volume gives a very detailed description of the history of the Jews to the destruction of the first Temple, and the second volume continues with the story up to the year 70 C.E., when the Roman army captured Jerusalem and the Temple was destroyed for the second time.

The learned author went to his work armed with an unusual amount of knowledge. He seems to be thoroughly familiar with the vast number of works written during the past hundred years on the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Near East in general. One has the impression, however, that the author did not make enough use of the results of research done by Jewish scholars during the past decades. This is even more astonishing in view of the fact that he makes ample use of the results of critical research in the Bible. The translators, in their Preface, even call the attention of the reader to this innovation. It is, therefore, hard to understand why so little use was made of the results of Jewish research in the period under treatment, especially in the second volume. It is a well known fact that modern Jewish scholarship enriched considerably our knowledge of that period with important information derived from the sources incorporated in the Talmud and Midrashim.

The abundance of details sometimes handicaps the reader in his endeavor to gain

a comprehensive picture of the epoch. Though it was right to describe the background of the events by bringing in the history of other nations of the Near East, it was not necessary to do so in such elaborate manner. The author, for example, breaks the continuity of his narrative by inserting more than fifty pages of a detailed account of the history of Persia, Greece, Egypt and Syria between his discussion of the destruction of the first Temple and the destiny of the exiles in Babylon. Consequently, the book often ceases to be a history of Israel and becomes instead a chronicle of events which took place all over the Near East. It also seems to this reviewer that the author places too much stress on the similarities in the cultures of the Near Eastern peoples and that of the Jews. As a result the reader gets only a vague picture of what is unique in the culture of the ancient Jews and cannot clearly see what distinguishes them from their pagan neighbors.

The structure of the book in general does not add to its readability. The period of the Divided Kingdom, for example, is given in two separate chapters, one dealing with the Northern Kingdom from its beginnings to its destruction, and the other describing the history of Judah to its downfall. However, it is definitely possible — and necessary — to give a combined picture of the destiny of the two parts of the people of Israel in their interdependence and struggle for survival under quite similar conditions. The transcription of biblical names is often given in the form employed by the Vulgate, the early Latin translation of the Bible. So we find Cis for Kish, Esdras for Ezra, and so forth. This too, makes it more difficult for the average reader. Leading biblical scholars (Pfeiffer, Irwin and many others) have long been employing a more modernized system of transcribing names.

From a purely scholarly point of view one must question the author's conclusions of the history of "Israel" with the year 70 C.E. Either the term "Israel" should be applied solely to the so-called biblical times, since patterns of what we call "Judaism" clearly begin to appear during the period closely following the Babylonian captivity; or the term "Israel" should be applied to the whole period during which the center of Jewish

history was in Palestine. This, of course, would expand the "Israel" period to the year 429 C.E., when the Roman government abolished the office of the Jewish Patriarch in Palestine, which was the last manifestation of Jewish semi-statehood.

While the average Jewish as well as non-Jewish reader would have to overcome some difficulties in order to gain from Ricciotti's work a comprehensive picture of the epoch under treatment, these volumes can serve well as a handbook for students who are interested in a detailed study of the Bible, the Apocrypha and the literatures of the Near East. They will find it to be a handy aid for checking dates, names and the character of particular events. The carefully prepared indices, maps and tables, and especially the hundreds of illustrations will prove valuable as well.

MOSES A. SHULVASS

Freedom or Death, by Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon and Schuster. 433 pp. \$4.50.

In his novels Nikos Kazantzakis is producing a modern Greek epic. Although he is not a young man (born in 1885) and not new to Greek letters, only since 1953 have any of his books been available here in translation. The first of these, *Zorba the Greek*, is a lusty contemporary novel, set on the island of Crete, with a classic picaresque hero. *The Greek Passion*, published in 1954, tells of a Greek village under Turkish rule, at a time when certain villagers are told off to be characters in a Passion Play, and how in their lives they gradually assume characteristics of the parts they are to play. Judas becomes outcast and traitor; and assignment of his rôle turns a shepherd youth into a Christ.

Now, *Freedom or Death* fills in between the two. All of Kazantzakis's work teems with humanity and is rich with nationalism, but his most recent novel, the story of an uprising against Turkish rule in Crete in 1889, is as crowded with both as a Breughel canvas is with the one. On the other hand, since the major character, Captain Michales, is more patriot than human being, the whole book seems to operate more on the sociological than on the psychological plane. The story begins with the

stirrings of revolt in him, and ends with his death, but the real protagonist is the revolt rather than the man. For all that, it is probably the year's most stirring piece of fiction.

Read in terms of Israel, in terms of Cyprus, or of any other people who are driven to violence in fostering their national identity, often heedless of their chances for success, *Freedom or Death* arouses within the reader a far deeper understanding of rebellion than does any newspaper or history book. The uprising in the novel is doomed from the start; Turkey was strong, although degenerating, and the Greek mainland was in no position to help Crete. "Crete is a good morsel. And the mighty of the earth are interested in its remaining on the Sultan's plate. If he comes to grief and the heritage has to be divided up, each of the Great Powers hopes that Crete will fall to it. If, on the contrary, Crete became united with Greece, neither God nor the Devil could separate them again."

Kazantzakis is equalled, I believe, only by Tolstoi in the profuse variety of his characters, with each one unique and dynamic. Turks, Greeks, all live and are real, from the Pasha whose governorship depended on his keeping peace but who realized that Turkish rule stood only by terror, to the passionate blood brothers and enemies, Michales the Greek and Nuri Bey the Turk. All are foolish, but all are great, even Mr. Idomenas who wrote nearly daily to Queen Victoria (she never answered) begging her help in freeing Crete, and was writing when the Turks broke into his house, ending his final appeal by pressing his blood-stained hand on the letter. "There, there, there!" he shouted. "That's how this letter ends. May the blood of Crete be upon your heads and upon the heads of your children and your children's children, England, France, Italy, Austria, Germany and Moscow!"

Kazantzakis is a major novelist. *Freedom or Death* is a great book, and so is *Zorba the Greek*. But *The Greek Passion* is probably the greatest of the three. Greeks are fortunate in having so fine an artist to interpret their nation; and the rest of us are enriched by what his books can do to us.

WILLIAM BITTNER

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

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